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RAIN

MAGAZINE

ASTORIA BICENTENNIAL EDITION SPRING 2011

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2011 Student Staff: Robin Adair, Jamie Boyd, Josh Conklin, Dale Espelund, Therese Lagevin Frech, Alan Gascoigne, Roxane Henderson, Donya McClenahan, Nicole Rihaneck, Jillian Woolard

Cover Layout: Jamie Boyd, Josh Conklin, Dale Espelund, Therese Lagevin, Jillian Woolard, Lucien Swerdloff

Faculty Advisors: Lucien Swerdloff & Nancy Cook

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Nancy Cook, Editor
RAIN Magazine
1653 Jerome Ave
Astoria, OR 97103
rainmagazine@clatsopcc.edu

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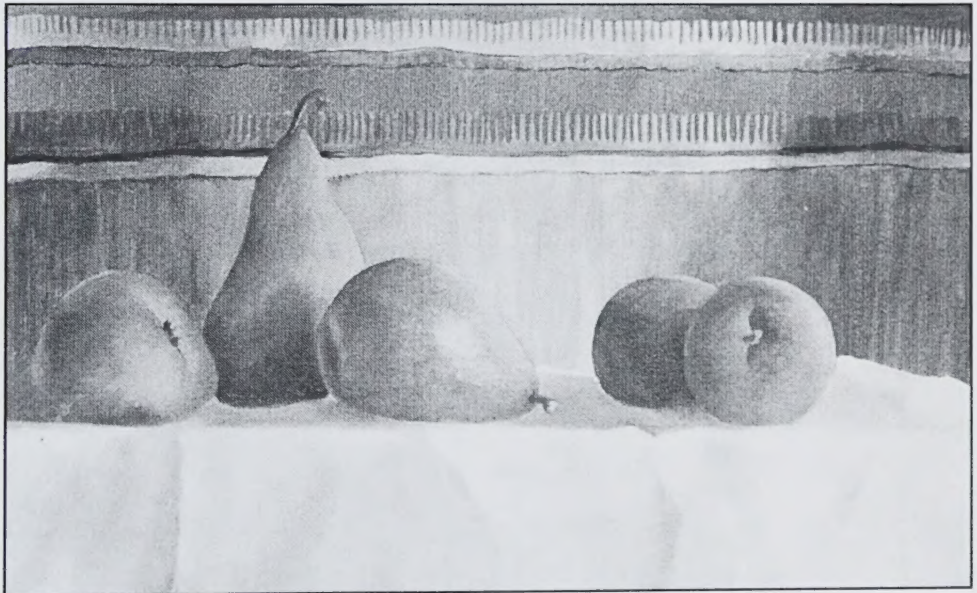
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PLYING THE COOK

Stephen M. Pearce

Tell me friend
and speak Aramaic
and of balsamic salami,
beluga eggs, Brazil nuts or plantains.
Only sing the beautiful names
and tell how it felt
to have their pulp and pips between your toes.
In a minuet a la menu
express the juice
from every word
for food.



Pears

Kaija-Leena Mcleod

PARADISE IN A CUP OF FOG

Donald Thompson

Dark smokey women in dark smokey bars
Single malt whiskeys and Cuban cigars
Smell of wet wool and a cigarette smile
A squall of wet wind from some cousin's isle

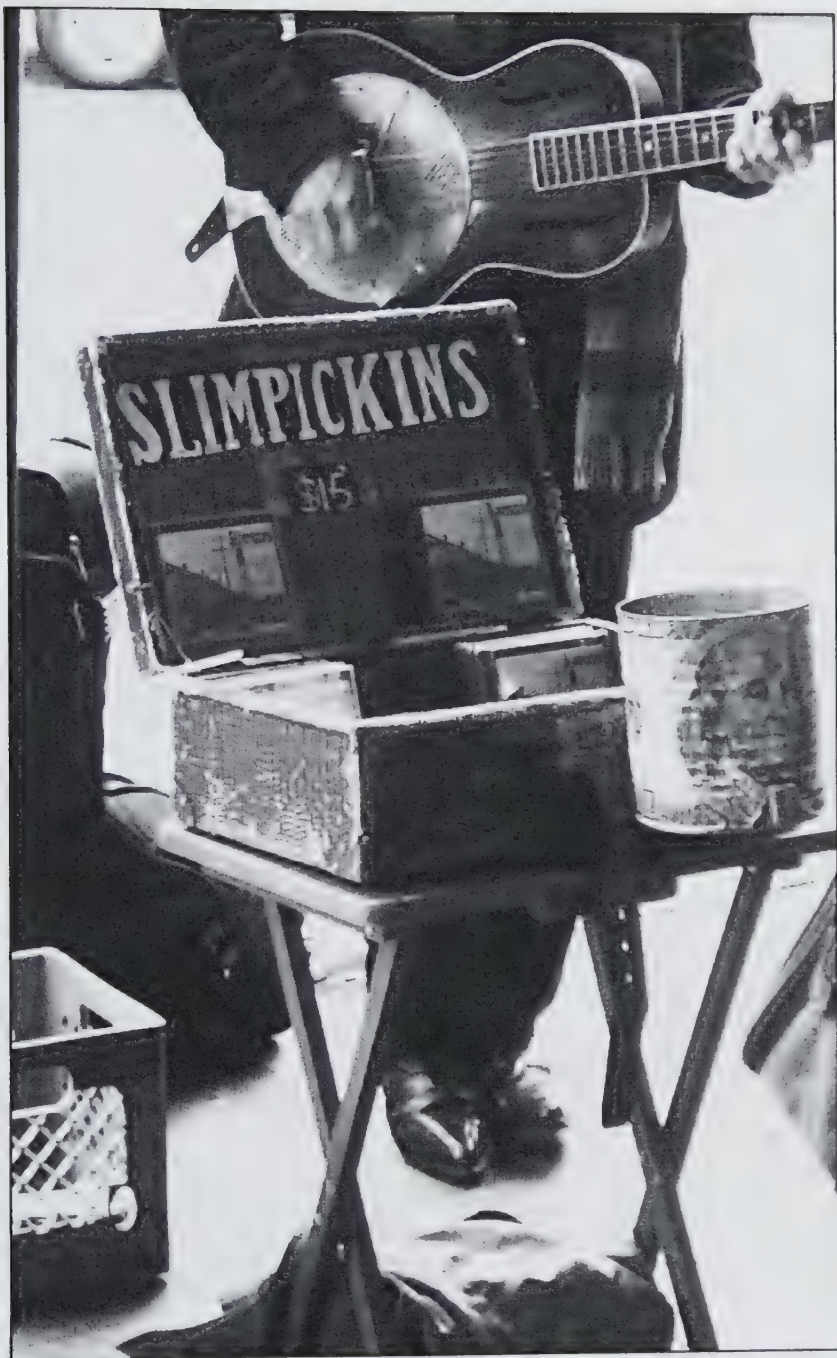
The logger casts cowries and speaks to the ghosts
Who sing greetings from neon and mirror
Cerridwen's cauldron on this vast northern coast
Home of singers, storytellers and seers

Shadows of cats silhouetted in fog
A bark, just one bark, from one lonely dog
Perfumes of mollusks and tropical blooms
Causal delights in cheap hotel rooms

Intricate motifs in slow afternoons
Licking the cream from the back of your spoon
Dishabille patterns of sea grass and sand
Wide empty beach, a crab shell in hand

Miasma of mud flats seasoned with mist
The tang and the reek of the docks in moonlight
Ghosts of the fishermen blow you a kiss
Saddle a mountain and ride through the night

Shimmering droplets of grey in your hair
Squeak of your step on a rickety stair
North wind in your face, what gods can you fear?
Lean into my arms, whisper in my ear



Untitled

Calandra Frederick



Finding Astoria

David Sloan



Breathing Heavy

David Sloan

ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS

Robert Michael Pyle

I am too much of a skeptic to deny the possibility of anything.

Thomas H. Huxley

1.

Winter run down 101, past Protection Island,
sun comes out. Stirs the curdled fog,
steams the slick wet asphalt, turns
this gray-green tunnel through rainforest gloom
into boulevard of golden mist. Shimmers
over ditches thick with bracken,
running russet into dusk.

2.

Out from under pallid sunset tatters
(bleached-out peach, dull bruised plum),
over Christmas lights of lone Montana ranch,
Cheshire cat with whitened teeth grins—
follows frozen tracks behind a train,
somewhere west of Havre.

3.

Arcing over Willow Grove, rainbow frames
a passing vee. Twenty-two flappers cross
behind the gauzy bands like rabbits jumping
hula hoops. If only for the wink of an eye,
each gray goose goes Technicolor.

4.

In a world where sun turns base fog into gold,
moon slips her traces to ride the rails, and
geese metamorphose into butterflies,
remind me now: what was it
you said was impossible?

THE SWIMMER

Terry Shumaker

I was too young then to be afraid of the man, or even disgusted. He was a curiosity, like most things in life when you're seven years old. I would pass him every morning going to school. It was in those wonderful days when being strange didn't necessarily mean being dangerous, and even the town's small police force left him alone.

The town knew the names of all the lost people who lived on the streets and in the alleys. If the 'bo didn't have a name, the town would give one to him. Usually they were just common names, like "Bill," or "Sam." Sometimes they described some physical trait, or something in a person's character. Sometimes, too, the names were meant to be demeaning, or to make fun of a man's situation. It was a tolerant town, but not without some cruelty.

Nobody remembered exactly when the Swimmer arrived in town. The big war in Europe and Japan had been over for six years. I remember seeing him for the first time when I started school. Some people thought he was an inmate at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home over in White City. That was a place where veterans with alcohol problems, or whose minds were stolen by the war, could go to find peace. Some stayed there the rest of their lives, which often wasn't very long.

Others thought that he had come to town after the flood in the next valley in 1948. It had rained steadily for almost a month, and a good part of southern Oregon had moved toward the ocean. They had heard that he lost his family and farm, but those were just rumors.

The Swimmer didn't get his name from the flood stories. Naming him because of that tragedy would, perhaps, have been kinder. The townspeople would only see him in the mornings. He would be lying, asleep or unconscious, next to the Medford National Bank building, a few doors from the 489 Club. He would be curled in a fetal position to keep warm. There was always an empty bottle in a brown paper bag next to his hand. Under his body, invariably, was a large, yellow pool of urine. That's how he got his name. Nobody knew who named him, but the name never went away.

He would always appear to be sleeping peacefully. The town never knew, or cared about, his dreams. His eyes were rheumy, and crusted over with sleep. His watery eyes may have been from the drinking, or they may have been tears. Nobody knew. Sometimes he would be clean-shaven, but usually there was stubble on his chin. The stubble of a beard was gray, but gradually darkened as it moved upward on his face. What was left of his hair was black.

He looked thin, but probably not emaciated. It was hard to tell. His clothes fit him loosely. If they were his clothes originally, he had lost weight. His shirt and trousers were old, but not what a person would call shabby. His face looked like it should have been more full, and his eyes were sunken into their sockets. There was a large white scar on his forehead, above his left eye.

I once asked my father about the Swimmer.

"Don't pay attention to him, son. He's just a drunk," he said. But he didn't say that with scorn in his voice. The expression on his face, and the softness of his speech, gave a hint of some sort of sympathy toward the man. My father seemed to understand. I sensed that my dad was grateful that he was not sharing the sidewalk with the Swimmer.

"Try to avoid him," my father continued, "but if you have to be near, be respectful. Don't tease him like I've seen the other kids do."

Dad was right. The other children showed no mercy toward the Swimmer. Adults would ignore him, but the children would yell insults. The bigger kids would throw things at him. Whenever he saw children nearby, he would draw himself more tightly into his fetal position and cover his face with his hands. He always seemed to be hiding his face more from shame than for protection.

There were a few in the town who could be kind to the Swimmer. One morning, on my way to school, I saw Mrs. Warner leaving a tray of food next to him as he lay in his usual place. When she saw that I was watching, she stared at me a few moments, then put her hand over her mouth and ran back across the street. She appeared to be crying. I thought that she was embarrassed to be found helping an unfortunate.

Mrs. Warner owned the boarding house across the street from the bank. Well, at the time I thought it was a boarding house. It was over the hardware store, and had a modest sign in the window saying "Mrs. Warner's Oregon Rooms." I know now, of course, that she was the madam of a small brothel. She had been in business for about five years. The officials left her alone, though I'm sure it was because they were taking a percentage.

The other children showed no mercy toward the swimmer. Adults would ignore him, but the children would yell insults.

I only saw one other person help the Swimmer. I was daydreaming in class. It was still early in the school year, and the weather was fresh and warm. The classroom window was open to a quiet morning. The sweet smell of chipped wood from the lumber mill was trying to pull me outside. I wanted badly to be at the mill, playing. Making forts from the fallen logs. The manager of the mill always chased me away when I did that, but secretly, I don't think he minded. I think he probably did the same thing when he was a boy.

I could see the Swimmer across the park, curled up on the sidewalk next to the bank. I could hear my teacher's voice somewhere, trying to teach about Roman legions and the roads and forts that they built. In my mind I was in battle, defending my log ramparts from hordes of barbarians. The war ended quickly when I noticed a familiar car pull to the curb next to the Swimmer. I saw my father get out of our old Chrysler. He looked around, then quickly walked to the Swimmer and left what appeared to be a bag of groceries next to him. Then he just as quickly returned to the car and drove away.

I never mentioned to my father that I saw him that morning. I couldn't understand why he and Mrs. Warner didn't like to be seen helping the Swimmer, but it was their business.

The school year moved into winter. In October, the winter fog arrived early. Usually it arrived in late November and lasted until April. The temperature stayed right at the freezing point, and visibility was rarely more than a few feet. The sweet smell of wood from the sawmill now felt sickening. Every morning the Swimmer would be found on the sidewalk. He was always shivering when I saw him. One morning I found him wearing an old overcoat that looked very much like one that belonged to my father. As the winter deepened, he looked more frail.

In the middle of winter, on my eighth birthday, I asked my father about my mother. Always in the past he had told me that she died when I was born. He never said any more than that. When I asked what she was like, he'd say "I'll tell you some day." Today was the same. The answers were always the same.

In late February it became colder. The fog was freezing, and coating every surface with black ice. On my way to school, I could see the flashing red lights of an ambulance in front of the bank. Through the fog, I could see a small crowd gathered where the Swimmer could usually be found. I could see a body dressed in my

I could see a
body dressed in
my Father's old
coat being loaded
into the back of
an ambulance.

Father's old coat being loaded into the back of the ambulance. I could see Mrs. Warner, sitting on the curb across the street, crying. Her hands covered her face, and I could see her shudder with each sob. The town policeman was writing in a book, and I could hear a voice in the crowd say "That's the way we found him, officer." Then they all turned and went back into the 489 Club.

Later, in class, I could hear the other kids whispering about the death of the Swimmer. I looked out the window. I tried to see through the fog, across the park to where he should be lying. I knew he wasn't there, but I wanted to pretend that he was.

That evening, dad came home late from work. He was carrying a large cloth bag. It looked like the bag he had in the war – a duffle bag, he called it. It was a khaki color, and had some white writing on the side.

"Where you been?" I asked. I wasn't demanding, just curious. Before he could answer, I asked "Did you hear that the Swimmer died today?"

"Yes, I heard," he answered. His voice was even more quiet than usual.

"So, where you been?" I asked again.

"I just got back from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home," he said. "They wanted me to go out and pick this up. It belonged to the man you called the Swimmer." He held the bag up for me to see. I could read the lettering on the side now –

Warner, R.W.
Sgt. U.S. Army
A2941894R

"Warner?" I asked. "His name was Warner? Any relation to..."

"Mrs. Warner?" he interrupted. "Annie Warner? Yes. He was her husband."

"Son," he continued, "there's something I want you to see." He reached into the

duffle bag and pulled out a handful of photographs. The first one showed the Swimmer and Mrs. Warner together. It was a wedding photograph. He was in an army uniform, and there was no scar over his left eye. He was handsome then. It was difficult to recognize him as the man who lived on the sidewalk. He and Mrs. Warner looked completely happy.

The next picture was of a group of men in uniform. I could pick out both dad and the Swimmer. They had their arms around each other's shoulders and were laughing and giving the "V for Victory" sign with their free hands.

"This," he said, "is my platoon. It was taken just before we went into our last fight."

Then dad handed me another photo. It was of Mrs. Warner. She was holding a baby. She was looking straight at the camera. She was smiling a little, but there was sadness, maybe sorrow, that showed in her eyes. She looked much younger in the picture.

"She has a kid?" I asked.

"I have to tell you..." Dad's voice trailed off, and he turned away for a few moments. "I have to tell you something now," he continued, turning to look straight at me. "That is you in the photo."

I stared at him. It seemed like a long time. I just remember staring, and blinking. I finally managed to stammer "M...M...Mrs. Warner is my... mother?"

"Yes."

"And the Swim..., uh, Mr. Warner...?"

Dad guessed what I was about to ask. "No," he said. "I am your father."

We sat quietly for a while, neither of us knowing what to say next. Then dad reached into the bag again. When he pulled out his hand, it was full of military medals. They were all jumbled together and it took him a few minutes to separate them. Dad had some of the same medals, but a few were different. He held one up that had a blue ribbon. It went around the neck instead of being pinned on the chest.

"This is the Medal of Honor," Dad said. "Mr. Warner...Bob...got it for saving the platoon, or what was left of it. We were all wounded or dead. Bob had a bad head wound and couldn't see with his left eye, but he pulled as many of us as he could to a safe place."

He sat down at the kitchen table and spread the medals in front of him. I saw the purple medal with the profile of George Washington. It meant a person had been wounded in battle. Dad had one just like it. I had seen the scars on his leg where it had been shattered by an explosion.

"Bob and I were sent to England to recover," he continued. "My leg healed quickly, but not enough to stay in the army. They would be sending me home. Bob's



Mia

Dale Espelund

wound was very bad, and he would sleep for days. Sometimes the medics thought he would die. And even when he was awake, he'd dream. He'd see German soldiers coming toward us, throwing grenades. Then he'd put his hands over his face and curl up with his knees next to his chest."

I looked down at my feet, and felt a little ashamed. That was how he looked when the kids at school threw things at him. I wished I had tried to stop them.

"One day, when his mind was clear, I told him I'd be going home to Oregon. I said I'd be taking the train through Chicago. I knew he was from Chicago, so I asked if there was anyone he wanted me to see for him."

"I only have my wife, Annie," he said. "Could you see her and let her know how I'm doing?"

"I'm not proud of this, son," dad said. "When I met Annie in Chicago, we fell in love. Or at least thought we did. I stayed in Chicago longer than I expected. She was



married, though, with a badly wounded husband. And her husband had saved my life. We finally decided it would be best if I went home, and she waited for Bob."

"A few months later there was a letter from her in the mailbox. She was expecting a baby...you. Bob was still in the hospital in England, and would not be coming home soon. It seemed that his injuries would never heal, at least not the ones in his mind. He would need care for a long time. It was something she couldn't give him. She sounded terrified."

"I asked her to come here. When the time was right, and Bob was feeling better, she would ask him for a divorce. Then we could get married. The only thing is, the time was never right. We discovered that we were never in love.

Joe Mud

Dale Espelund

That's hard for me to say, but it's true. After you were born, I took care of you. Annie moved out. Soon she started her, uh, business across from the bank. I still don't know what drove her to that. I do know she carried a lot of guilt about our relationship, and I think she still really loved Bob."

I wasn't really sure why dad seemed awkward talking about her boarding house. From the tone of his voice it sounded like something only adults talked about, so I didn't say anything.

"A couple years ago, Bob showed up in town. His mind wasn't healed, but he could function well enough. He had followed every clue he could, trying to find Annie. When he found her, what little he had left in the world was gone. He began to drink, and was at the 489 Club every night. At first, he would go to the mission to sleep it off. Then he began just collapsing in the street across from Annie's place. He would stare at the boarding house until he fell asleep. Soon his health failed and he

began to lose control of, well, lose control of his bodily functions."

Dad was trying to be polite. I knew he was talking about the problem that gave Mr. Warner his unfortunate nickname.

"Annie had told him about me, and about you," dad went on. "He didn't want to see me at all. I can't say I blamed him. Annie and I managed to get him into the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. He didn't know we were responsible, but it didn't do any good anyway. He wouldn't stay there. The director said there was nothing he could do. It wasn't a prison, and residents could come and go as they pleased. He spent the last year on the sidewalk, trying to be as close to Annie as he could. Annie would leave food for him. You don't know it, but I would leave things for him too."

I did know it, but I felt it was better not to tell him. "Can I go see Mrs. Warner?" I asked.

"I'm sorry," he said. "She left on the bus for Portland this afternoon. She said she was going back to Chicago, and asked if I'd settle things with her landlord. She told me to tell you that she does love you, but please not to ever try to find her. She told me to give you whatever things Bob had."

"I'm tired now, son. I think I'll go to bed early. You can stay up if you want."

"Okay, dad. G'night. Thanks for telling me all this."

I watched him climb the stairs. He was older now, older even than when I saw him that morning. As he disappeared behind the stairway landing, I could see him wiping his eyes.

I sat for a while, trying to understand what had just happened. I picked up the medals, one by one, and ran my fingers over them. They were tarnished, and the cloth on some of them was beginning to fray. One of the medals had writing around the edge. It said "For Heroism in Battle." I arranged the photos side by side and studied them – the sweet wedding photo of Bob and Annie Warner, the optimistic enthusiasm of two soldiers trying to win a war, and the photo of my mother holding me, smiling sadly at the camera.

"It's strange," I thought. "They give medals for a few minutes of bravery when someone is trying to kill you. You don't have any choice there. You're either brave or you die. They don't give medals for just living, though. They don't give medals that say 'For Heroism in Life.' Sometimes that can be the most terrible thing."

I went back to school the next day. The fog was the same, everything was the same. When I got to the bank, though, there was an empty spot. I stared at it for a few minutes, trying to wish the Swimmer back where he should be. Only I wished that he would be healthy.

Then I looked through the fog to the hardware store across the street. I looked up at the second floor. There was still the modest little sign that read "Mrs. Warner's Oregon Rooms" in the window. Now, though, someone had already pasted a large sign over that saying "For Lease." Maybe it was my eight-year-old imagination, but I thought for a second that I saw Mrs. Warner's face looking through the curtains, and smiling. Only it wasn't a sad smile, now.

"Thank God that place is gone," I heard a woman nearby say. Then she turned

I watched him
climb the stairs.
He was older
now, older even
than when I saw
him this morning.

and walked over where my imaginary, healthy Swimmer was now lying. She didn't see him, of course. He watched her walk through him, then turned to me and shrugged. He smiled at me and held up his hand in the "V for Victory" sign. Then he turned and looked up at Mrs. Warner. When I walked by him, I saw that he was wearing a medal with a blue ribbon around his neck. I swear it had the word "Life" on it in big gold letters.

That's the last time I saw Mr. and Mrs. Warner. It was in my imagination, but that's how I always wanted to remember them. I never even looked at the photographs again.

Eventually, the fog left. The smell of the wood chips at the mill was sweet again. The pear blossoms came out in the orchards. A few months after that, the migrants would arrive from California to pick the pears for Harry and David. Then the fog would arrive again. The turns of the seasons were still the same.

Dad was back to normal – or close to normal. I still saw him looking at the pictures when things were quiet. He knew I didn't want to see them, and respected that, so he kept them in his room. He was never quite happy again, though.

I did what all eight-year-olds do. I grew up. I went to college, then came back to my town. I picked pears for Harry and David in the fall, and pulled the green chain at the mill in winter to make some money. But mostly I painted. Dad didn't quite understand that. He felt it really wasn't work, but he never made an issue of it. I was able to sell a few paintings to the tourists who were just discovering the valley. Sometimes I thought I'd go to Chicago, but I never did.

I was old enough now to go to the 489 Club. I'd go there to sketch the people getting drunk. It was my Toulouse-Lautrec period. The place was full of loggers and pear workers, and their ladies. They all had beautiful faces. They didn't seem to mind that I was drawing them. In fact, I would sometimes get a free beer for doing a quick portrait. There were always some old-timers who remembered what the valley was like before the tourists found their way here. Sometimes, someone would mention the Swimmer. They would argue about who he was, where he came from, and the circumstances that led to his death. I knew, but never said anything. There was never any agreement about him. Well, that's not entirely true. Usually by dawn, there would be one agreement. It was rare in the history of the 489 Club to have all the customers agree on one subject, but on this they were unanimous. They all missed the Swimmer.

GHAZAL

Laura Tattoo

He holds the lantern on that bounding ship
He rests vigilant on that bounding ship
To light the way of pilgrims in the gloam
And sinners that fall on that bounding ship
Where sink and break the rotting planks of oak
As drunken and bold on that bounding ship
Men do wend their way to her chamber bed
To pay with gold coin on that bounding ship
For her lingering kiss her fingers bled
Her long flowing back on that bounding ship
For when their seed breaks forth in foaming spray
It is thrice as strong on that bounding ship
The lamp wildly sways with maddening winds
Yet he stands solid on that bounding ship
Collects the coin and pockets his chagrin
For his orphaned wife on that bounding ship
Who lays childless under heavy flow of
Men and sour breath on that bounding ship
Sold for a dollar a dinner of whale
Laura as witness on that bounding ship



Life by the River

Josh Conklin



Alpine Lake

Thom Lester



Above the Clouds

Thom Lester

WINTERTIME

Millie Moebius

In winter
Icicles growing on whiskers
heavy workshoes stomping snow
cold mackinaws standing in corners
in winter.

In winter
small feet charting courses
testing snowbanks
discovering buried treasures
roads, fence posts,
summer wagons
in winter

In winter
mountains grow overnight
snowflakes melt on my tongue
the cold scratches my lungs
frozen clothes stand tethered to lines
strangers become family by the wind
in winter.

THE TREE

Millie Moebius

In one short rain-drenched afternoon they wiped it off the face of the earth. They cut down my tree today. With a tall ladder, a few strong ropes and a tiny saw it dropped from my window. In two hours' time, two men sawed up the wood, brushed up the crumbs, covered the stump with moss and wiped out fifty years of life as if it had never been. They left no trace of it on the land.

The lovely one hundred foot cedar tree whose only crime was it didn't grow in the right directions was slashed, mutilated, cut up alive. The executioners dusted off their hands, pulled back their shoulders, smiled, and said, "good job". The two little men in the yellow raincoats looked around my world and said,
"Are there any more that're growing to the left?"



Journey Tree

David Lee Myers

POP GOES THE EGO

Adam Berk

She was the mistress of sexual spectacle.
She only wanted to play a respectable
Part in the pantheon of the perfectible
Idols of glamour and show.

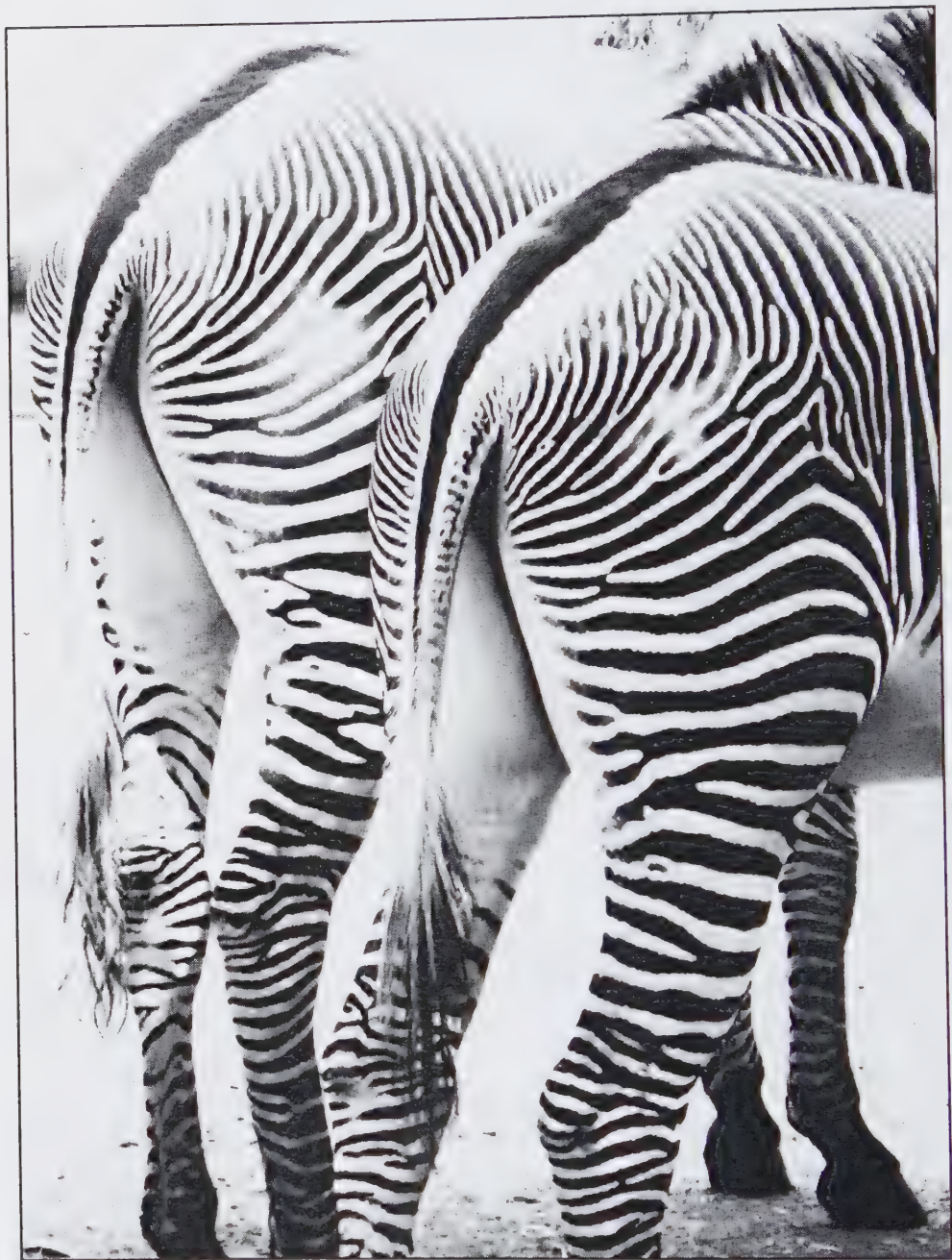
Molting her vestments, she enters the manic scene
Chanting her mantras from dramas and magazines,
Dancing with cameras and light in a frantic dream,
Chasing down fame's flitting glow.

Buoyed by worship, she reaches her pinnacle,
Making her prey to the hostile and cynical.
Parasite acolytes seal her within a cool
Chrysalis, capturing her form.

Now her friends gaze on her, never to talk or stay.
Lovers turned liars by avarice walk away
Leaving her: only a little girl locked away
Far from all softness and warmth.

High on her mount she looks ever more fearfully
Out from behind a façade crafted carefully,
Hiding all sutures lest they start to tear, fully
Severing prosthetic appeal.

Knowing she's mortal, she clutches her offerings,
Using diversions and opiates to mend her seams,
Salving her doom with a mordant of self-extreme,
Never again to be real.



Untitled

Calandra Frederick

AN ALPHABET POEM

Robin Adair

Aardvarks and alligators
bounce boisterously
'cuz they can, while
dandelions dance daintily
escaping ennui, envious of the
funny-looking ferrets foraging for food
gleefully gluttonous
hiding in a hinky hole on an
isolated island.

Jingling and jangling in the jetsam,
kangaroos and kookaburras play kazoos for the
lounging, languid lizards and the loquacious
merry-making monkeys making mud pies and
noticing nothing,
obviously oblivious to the
pesto pasta pandemonium parading past the
quiet quirky quivering quintessential quinquagenarian,
racing after a herd of rollicking rambunctious raccoons and
squirming squirrels snacking on snickerdoodles
timidly tethered to tenacious tigers
underneath an umbrella of unctuous undulating
vermilion vermin from Vermont
while whispering willows wallow wastefully where
yell at yodeling
zealous zany zebras at the zoo.

QUESTION #28

Robin Adair

You are sitting in Webster's doing your "Go-do-something-alone-that-you-wouldn't-normally-do-by-yourself" assignment, for this class. You've had two sloe gin fizzies, three martinis, one shot of tequila, two beers, four rum separators, one flying tiger, two coffee nudges, two scotch-on-the-rocks and a gin and tonic to quench your thirst. You haven't eaten all day. You are slightly inebriated. You are trying to write in your journal about your alone assignment when prince charming/princess delight comes up to your table with two Kahlua sours and asks if he/she can join you. You:

- a) throw up
 - b) pass out
 - c) tell him/her you don't drink
 - d) other (PLEASE EXPLAIN)
- (clue: it is not a, b, or c.)

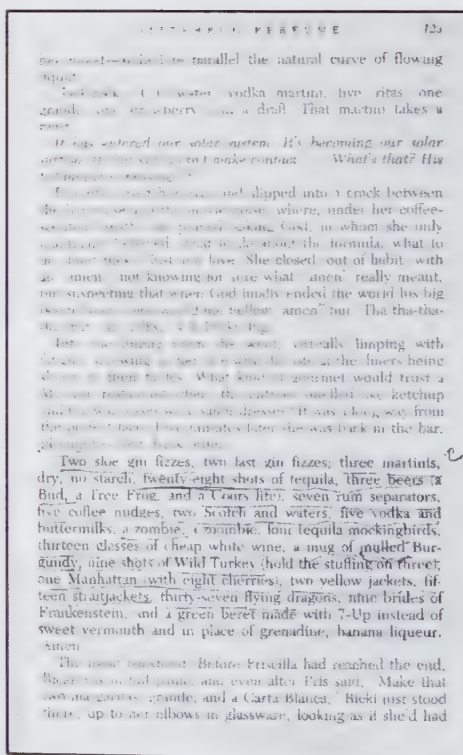
During the spring of 1979, as a graduate student working on my Master's thesis project, I taught a class entitled "Personal and Family Awareness." Question #28 was on the final exam.

In those days I also sent letters to Northwest author Tom Robbins because I loved his books. Sometimes he wrote me back. On May 2, 1982, I wrote him a letter which began with a revised version of my Question #28.

You are sitting in your favorite bar having just finished your fourth book. You've had a hard day at the typewriter. You've had 2 sloe gin fizzies, 3 martinis, 28 shots of tequila, 2 beers (a Bud and a Coors Light), 7 rum separators, 5 coffee nudges, 2 scotch and waters, 5 gin and

tonics, 2 zombies, 4 Irish coffees, 13 glasses of cheap white wine, a mug of burgundy, 9 shots of wild turkey, 1 Manhattan (with 8 cherries), 2 yellow jackets, 15 straightjackets, 37 Mount Rainiers, 9 flying tigers and one screaming Tommy to quench your thirst. You are slightly inebriated. (You haven't eaten all day.) You are trying to write the first sentence of your fifth book, but are having problems with the spelling of "zymotic". (You forgot your pocket dictionary.) Princess Delight strolls over to your table with two Kahlua sours and says: "May I join you? I bought you a drink." You...

Imagine my surprise, when I read *Jitterbug Perfume*, which was published in 1984. It was late at night when I was skimming the pages, and I read something so very similar to what I had sent him:



BEFORE you decide

ing as a Psychiatric Symptom

wee feet, anguish, heartache, heartbreak, sorrow, regret
 the "distress, suffering, misery, agony, dolor, lamenting,
 mourning, bemoaning, deploring (see deplore)
 (con "happiness, bliss, felicity
 neebegone, disconsolate, dispirited, dejected, depressed,
 the "melancholy, lugubrious, doleful; forlorn, "despon-
 derant; spiritless, listless (see languid)
 lypothymia (li-po-thi'm'e-a, -thim'ee; li-pō')

biochemical and molecular biology

DID YOU KNOW

wobble teeter, totter, shimmy, quiver, shiver, shudder,
quake, quake, *shake, tremble, dither

Let them talk.

Human nature

In mathematics, *homomorphism* *n* A mapping, from one set to another, that respects the structure of the sets. In mathematics, a homomorphism is a mapping between two algebraic structures of the same type (such as groups, rings, or vector spaces) that preserves the operations defining the algebraic structures. In mathematics, homomorphism is a mapping between two algebraic structures of the same type (such as groups, rings, or vector spaces) that preserves the operations defining the algebraic structures.

lunacy commission A committee, usually of qualified psychiatrists, appointed by judicial order to determine the mental state of an individual whose case the court has under consideration.

shouldn't we [L quid nunc what now?]; one who
seeks to know all the latest news or gossip; BUSYBODY



vulnerable child See syndrome, vulnerable child.

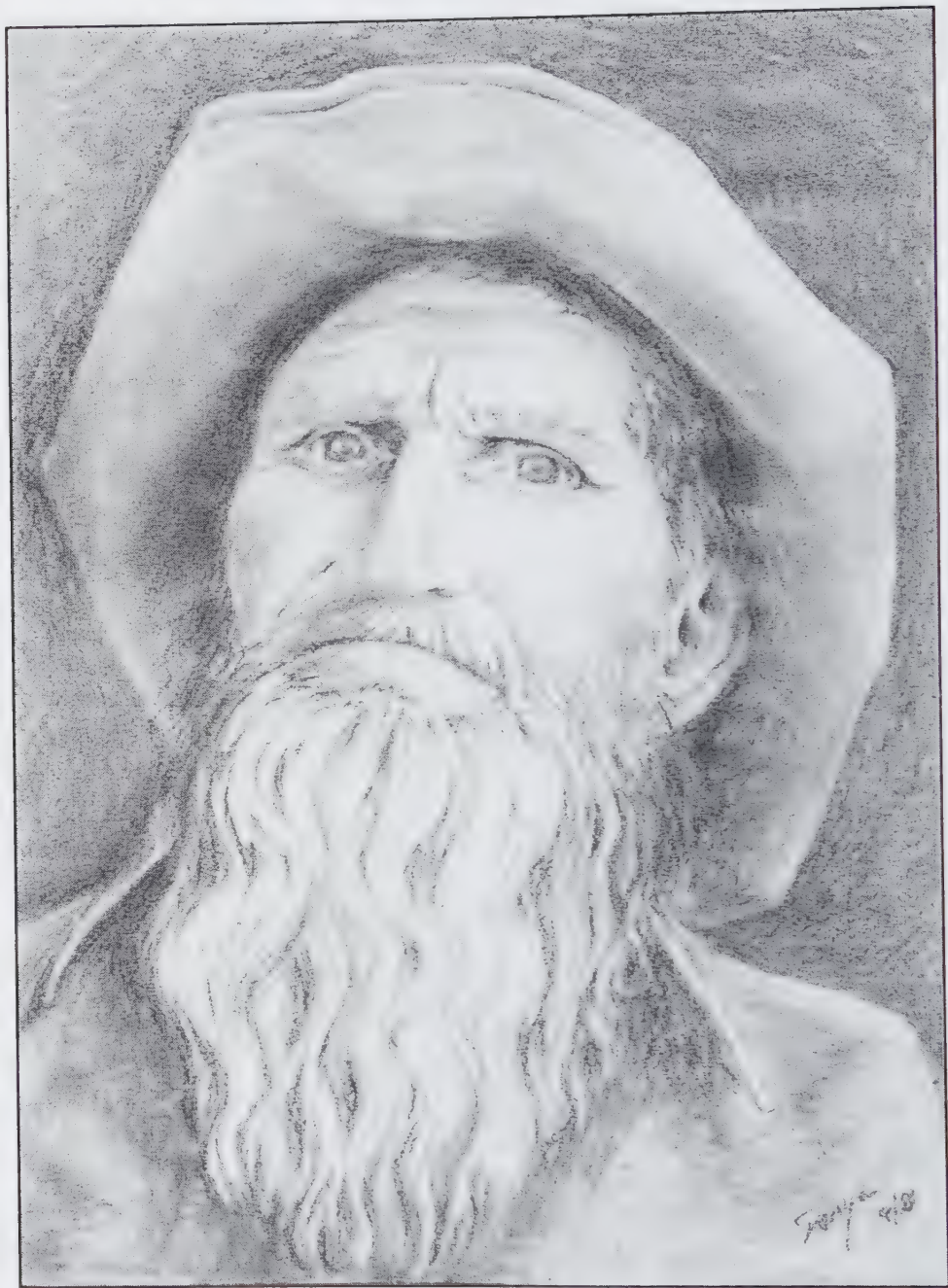
YOU HAVE A BIG FAT SECRET.

lyssa (lis'ä) (b)s Insanity.

non compos mentis (nōn kōm pōs mēn'tis) *adj.* Not of sound mind and hence not legally responsible; mentally incompetent. [Latin *nōn compos mentis*: *nōn*, not + *compos mentis*, genitive sing. of *mens*, mind.]

Concentration
motivation
emotion
affection
alliteration
devotion
anticipation
visualization
desperation
observation

GOSSIP



The Old Man

Donya McClenahan

GRANDPA

Donya McClenahan

My father, who was an inquisitive and extremely talkative 84-year-old, recently died after bravely keeping his nose above water for twenty-six years following a stroke. He'd had his stroke back in 1984, and the following year my mom had died, probably from neglecting her own health while stressing over and caring for him. We had expected dad to go first, so it was quite a shock when my brother and I became the proud guardians of a fifty-nine-year-old parent. "Grandpa" soon became the cornerstone of our family's life and remained so until his last breath on Easter Sunday, 2010.

He didn't move in with us right away, though. After scrambling madly around to figure out how to handle this new situation, we decided to have my brother temporarily move in with dad until we could hire a nurse to live with him full time. We put help-wanted ads in the classifieds, and soon hired the first of many live-in caregivers for dad. After a number of years, and a corresponding number of nurses, it became obvious that this wasn't working. Either Grandpa would get fresh, and ask them to marry him, and they would leave, or they would get caught taking advantage of *him*, and we would ask *them* to leave. So when the last one went to jail for helping herself to his possessions as well as his finances, I finally brought him to live with my family.

It wasn't long before Grandpa was an integral part of the family. Having him live with us turned out to be the best way for everyone involved. I stayed

home as a full time caregiver and mom, and my kids grew up with Grandpa in the house. They helped take care of him, listened to his never-ending stories, and showed him their report cards—and he watched them grow from children to young adults. My daughter, Rebecca, had been two when Grandpa moved in, so he had been a part of our family as long as she could remember. She and Grandpa became very close. Recently, as she got older, she had begun to take special care of him. She'd make his meals and snacks, and spend time talking to him and listening to him tell about the things he'd done as a kid. Grandpa was proud of all three of his grandkids, but he had a special fondness for Becca.

Grandpa was happy and healthy, and it seemed things would just continue on the same way they had been for many years to come. We used to joke that Grandpa was going to outlive me. He hardly ever got sick (although he thought he was dying from some horrible disease every other week), and the home health nurses were always amazed at how hale he was, despite the fact that he was bedridden. He just kept cranking along, complaining about the T.V. (the lousy thing doesn't work and the programming stinks), and the food (it tastes like wallpaper paste—by the way, what *does* wallpaper paste taste like?), politics (!@!# fools!), and the state of the human race (going to hell in a hand-basket).

But there came a day when he felt sick, and it wasn't just an upset tummy. He couldn't keep anything down, and

he was miserable (and so were we). I was afraid he was becoming dehydrated. Then, overnight, his stomach became extremely bloated. So off to the hospital we went, where he spent several days being waited on hand and foot, while they stabilized him. I thought he would enjoy it, but I was wrong. He called me over to him after the kids left one evening, and said to me, "I just want to go home and die. I hate it here and I want to be with my family." He knew he didn't have long. After God-knows-how-many tests, the doctors confirmed his thoughts. They said he had end stage cirrhosis of the liver (which was weird, because he hardly drank at all), and he only had a short time left.

Things like that don't really sink in right away. OK, Grandpa won't be around much longer, but he looks pretty good right now, so, we've got a few months to get things in order, right? Guess again. We brought Grandpa home, made him comfortable, and settled in to our usual routine. But he was feebler than before, and his appetite was gone. He used to shovel in his food with relish. Now he just wasn't hungry. Becca started making him homemade cookies, and we gave him chocolate malted Ensure (his favorite) to wash them down, but it just wasn't working.

Two weeks later, the kids came upstairs on Easter morning, woke me up, and said, "Uh, mom, I think you should check on Grandpa." Thinking he needed his cath bag emptied, or had dropped his hearing aid again, I stumbled downstairs in my pajamas to check on him. The minute I laid eyes on him,

I knew. He wore the still, waxen look of someone whose struggle is over. Some-time during the night, he had peacefully taken his last breath in his sleep. The kids, quiet and solemn, with white faces, asked, "Is he dead?"

"Yes," I answered, "He is."

"What do we do?" They wanted to know, obviously upset. I stood there for a minute, just looking at him. This was my dad, who I had lived with for so long. Now it was his turn to leave us, just as mom had so many years ago. But no, this wasn't my dad—he had already gone. This was just a shell that he had left behind. At that point, emotion took a backseat, and logic took over. The mom in me took charge, and I said, "Well, the first thing we need to do is call 911 so we can report his death, and someone can come and get him." We spent the next couple of hours talking to the police, and ambulance drivers, answering the same questions over and over again. When the last of them finally were ready to go, and Grandpa went through the front door for the last time, it was sur-

real. We felt like we should say goodbye to him or something; so we did.

Then we just sat there for a while, staring at each

Two weeks later, the kids came upstairs on Easter morning, woke me up, and said, "Uh, Mom, I think you should check on Grandpa."

other, in a suddenly too quiet house, wondering what to do next. First things first—call my brother and tell him dad has died—there's just us left now. Then what? I'd been taking care of Grandpa for so long, my entire day revolved around him: getting him his meals regularly, making sure he didn't run out of water, that his legs and feet were moved

and not touching the end of the bed. I made sure his bedding was clean, and that he could reach everything he needed. I'd check to see that he was warm enough (or not too warm), and keep him propped on one side or the other to keep his skin healthy.

I changed the television channels when he got frustrated and couldn't figure out how to make the remote

work, and picked that same remote up off of the floor when he dropped it; or found it (or parts of his hearing aid) buried in his covers when he lost them. And I spent hours listening to him rant and rave—and yell at the top of his voice at some politician who said something he didn't agree with.

You don't stop to think about how much of your day is taken up by maintaining someone who is bedridden. It's not physically hard, and even the parts that are at first rather uncomfortable, like changing diapers, become old hat and second nature. The hard part is being tied down, without the freedom to come and go as you please. But even that becomes "normal" after a while. After seven years without a day off, suddenly, I was unemployed. I felt lost. But old habits die hard—for the longest time, every time I went past his room, I would turn my head and look to see if he was OK, or needed anything. I would catch myself planning dinner, thinking, "What am I going to fix for Grandpa?" because he couldn't (or wouldn't) eat what we were eating. He hated pasta (said it was tasteless), probably because his taste buds were shot. I'll never forget the time he swore the *enchiladas* tasted like wallpaper paste. Should I have made them more fiery? (We finally found out

how to get around that problem. Throw Spicy Italian dressing on everything.) But I digress. As I was saying, everything changed.

You see, a month before Grandpa died, I had decided to take some col-

lege courses to try to get myself ready for the job market, figuring that he probably had only a few years left. So I set up daycare for him,

and registered for some classes. I was all set to go—and the day before classes started, he passed away. In the space of 24 hours, I went from being a self-employed caregiver with three kids and an eighty-four year old father to being an unemployed college student with three kids, dealing with the death of a parent. OK...talk about sweeping changes in *all* of our lives. But we've done this before. That's how we started out, remember? All those years ago when mom left us so unexpectedly. So, we'll point our heads toward the future and do what needs to be done, and try to enjoy the journey as it unfolds, the way Grandpa did. And when little reminders of Grandpa pop up in life, as they will, we'll laugh and say, "remember when Grandpa...." And we'll joke about how he could never get his remote to work, or how he carried on entire conversations with the cat who was lying in his lap. I must admit, sometimes I miss hearing him lecture the walls about political history, and the dismal future of the human race. That was one thing that everyone agreed on—he would talk your ear off, and even after you had walked out the door, he'd continue talking, as if you were still there. I hope he's got a good audience, wherever he is.

After seven years without a day off, suddenly, I was unemployed. I felt lost.

A PROPER PROPOSAL

Kennette Kanigister Osborn

"When?"

"How about next week? Can you get here?"

"Try to stop me! Where?"

"The bridge by the bay....You know the one."

The next week slipped by. There was the dress to buy, the reception to arrange. Why all the fuss? He never really asked me, not in a proper way.

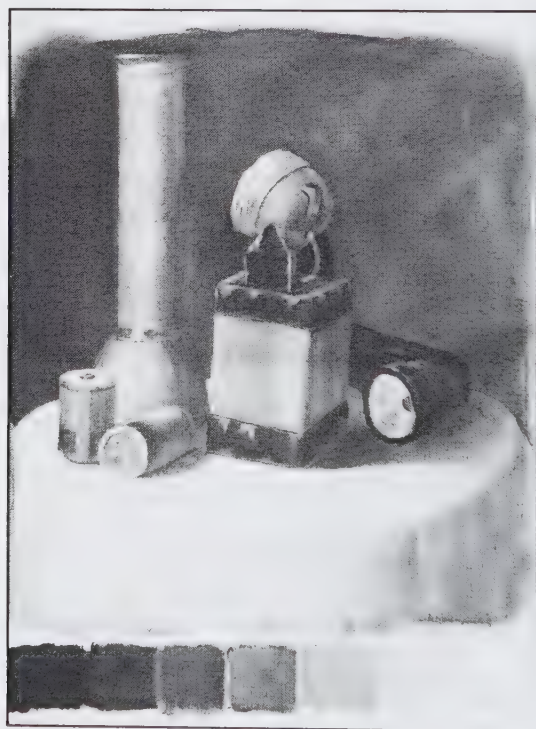
Terminal. That fateful disclosure clouded our last rendezvous. I stared into the future. We had so little time left.

I stood at the bridge, anxiously waiting.

A gaunt figure limped toward me. He dropped to one knee, rose in hand.

"Will you marry me?"

"I already have."



Still Life

Kaija-Leena McLeod

U.S. SENTRY IN ITALY

Karen Norman

My boots and gun are heavy
I've started the countdown
11 hours and 15 minutes
Then I get to sit
I feel like I've been standing for years
I'm expecting the bakery truck
I forgot the driver's name
Pepe, Mario, Luigi,
What's the difference?
I can see his small white van
It's coming around the corner
My posture straightens
I no longer feel the weight of my gun and boots.
The man I am expecting pulls to a stop at my side.
His kind face is painted with a dark olive complexion.
Bright green eyes smile at me,
"Ciao Bella"
"Ciao Bello," I smile back.
I smell fresh pastries
My mouth waters in anticipation
On alert, I scan the area for watching eyes
As he outstretches his sun-exposed arm
Presenting to me a small white paper bag
"Grazie" I feel the heat escape the bag
Thawing my fingers as I grab my gift
I wave the man to move along
The scent of Nutella fills my lungs
I know it's melting out of the center
Of my soft butter-soaked croissant
Quickly I stash my prized possession.
Look stern as I wave in the next vehicle
Morning traffic will be over in two hours
In two hours I have a few minutes where I can sneak away
Sneak away and sink my teeth into a chocolate croissant.
I look forward to it.
Wonder if he knows
The weight he takes off this uniform
With a simple doughnut

FIVE YOUNG CROWS

Reba Owen

they are a
tiny murder around the
sawed-off stump feeder. a
suspicious peck and prodding by the
bravest at the soggy croissant. a
gull, resplendent from the fresh-
water creek, bullies his way into
the inexperienced flock. they
scatter like black leaves into
the white bones of a dead spruce.
at a safe distance the five watch as
the gull gorges.
It
won't
always
be
so .



Let's Share

Penny Treat

IT'S MY BODY & YOU'LL PRY IF YOU WANT TO

How the Government has its Hands All Over Me:
A Lesbian Couple's Journey with Getting Pregnant

Mindy Stokes

In 2003, my partner, Katie and I decided to have a baby. This was the natural progression of any couple in love. Right? We'd been together since 1998, and pledged our love to one another in front of friends and family in the summer of 2001. Normally this would be referred to as a wedding, but we're homosexuals and lived in the sunny state of Florida.

Most of my life had been spent in northern California—a place where as a kid I could collect soda bottles and return them for a dime each. In my twenties, I worked in non-smoking restaurants and bars because voters found it deplorable to allow second-hand pollution to infiltrate my innocent lungs. And as a college student, I roamed my university campus holding hands with my then-girlfriend, without harassment or leering eyes.

I found Florida to be quite different. Smoking in public buildings was considered a God-given right. Targeting pedestrians and bicyclists with your car could get you cash in some counties. And gay-bashing was considered “fun” by the locals. Kind of like cow-tipping in ranching towns where I grew up.

I had a difficult time wrapping my mind around the idea of being a southerner, living with all of those backward folks. But at some point during my second year of living there, I embraced my new surroundings. I could be subversive—a dangerous, politicized, feminist, queer informing others of the violence committed in the name of “family, God, and nation.”

Living in Florida meant I had to be evermore cognizant of my surroundings. I met many gay, lesbian and transgen-

dered people who had been victimized by hate crimes when leaving queer bars or simply standing outside their own homes on their nicely manicured lawns. Even though traveling in sketchy parts of town could get you beat up for being lesbian, Katie and I decided to proceed with our dream of bringing a little baby into our household.

I'm a grass-roots activist, and prefer to work from the bottom up. I have an innate distrust of professional organizations, preferring to work with “my people.” We asked a long-time gay friend of ours if he would be willing to assist in our baby-making. Pedro was honored at our invitation and agreed to the fine print (a legal paper stating his intention to remain a family friend only, guaranteeing he would not try to fight for custody later). Katie, Pedro and I signed the document on a dark and stormy night in the presence of our lawyer, after paying plenty of money—thousands of dollars to be exact.

Inseminations began in January of 2004. Once a month, Pedro would come to our house or we would venture to his, a forty-minute drive away, to place his ejaculated sperm into my most private of parts. Sometimes after such encounters, the three of us would enjoy Chinese take-out. Katie and Pedro sitting in the living room as I gingerly and carefully orchestrated chopsticks into my mouth as my torso lay prostrate and my legs stuck straight up in the air. This acrobatic maneuver was meant to ensure the little chromosome carriers had a head-start on their race to my ovaries.

Faithfully, we tried this technique for twenty months. At the end, my body

lay empty taunting me like children on a playground: *Miss Mindy is barren; she'll never have a baby named Karen.*

At this point, our longing to become parents had increased exponentially. A discussion of whether to involve a fertility doctor ensued. Pedro was still on board, and Katie was completely for the idea. I was hesitant. *What if they tell me I can't do what I want to with my body? What if it costs too much? What if they don't want to work with us because we're queer?*

Even with my multitude of misgivings, wanting a baby won out and we decided to move forward with involving a professional. Pedro did the research and called more than two dozen doctors in the Tampa Bay Area (a place of more than three million people). In the end, he found only one doctor with the ethical fortitude to work with the gay community. The rest of the doctors held what they referred to as "a moral conflict of interest." They didn't believe people like Katie and me, who had a stable, committed relationship with a middle-class income up to the task of properly parenting a baby. *I thought the oath they took when becoming doctors was to help patients. Didn't they have a moral obligation to help us?* NO if you are not considered an equal citizen as your heterosexual counterparts.

I made my first appointment and met with the doctor. She and I sat facing each other. Between us, a mahogany desk big enough to sleep five Ethiopian orphans. On this monstrosity of a table, was a plastic replica of a woman's reproductive system positioned so that I could stare directly into her fallopian tubes. It mocked me and I desired to throw it on the floor for a wrestling match, but didn't, wanting to make a good impression.

During the initial ten minutes of our visit, I sat listening to the doctor's multiple accomplishments as she worked on convincing me of why I had come

to the right medical professional—as if I ever had a choice. When the opportunity arose, I proudly informed her that, being the resourceful woman that I am, I would not need to purchase sperm but would be bringing my own and only needed her to place it in the right body part.

"Is your sperm that of your husband?" she asked.

Wasn't there a big L in my file, testifying to my sexual orientation? "No, I'm not married, but wish to use sperm of my..."

She cut me off before I could finish my sentence. "The state of Florida will not allow me to use sperm from a source other than your husband or a fertility clinic. And as I explained earlier, I only do business with the most reputable clinic in the southeast."

Was there a big "L" in my file, testifying to my sexual orientation?

This did not make any sense to me, since heterosexual males and females exchanged sperm regularly in this state, yet were not married. And some of this fluid swapping resulted in the production of babies.

I sat there stunned. My head felt like alligators were swimming in it, bumping their jagged reptilian snouts against my white matter. Rage burned in my gut. First, this doctor was the only one within a 200-mile radius who would work with "inferiors" such as me. And second, I couldn't use sperm of my choosing even though it would be going into my vagina.

"Are you kidding me?" I asked her.

"No, I am not," the doctor said oblivious to my consternation. "Now let's get down to the particulars of what this will look like."

As she described the multiple appointments I would have to keep, the

blood tests, and sonograms, I floated above the room. At the heightened elevation I witnessed a 37-year-old woman willing to sacrifice all of her strongly held beliefs for a child. *So this is how easy it is to turn one's back on a belief system.* My insurance would pay for three inseminations but I would have to foot the co-pays as well as the price of the sperm. Wouldn't it have been quicker, easier and cheaper to get a guy drunk and have sex with him for the sole purpose of stealing his chromosomes? Too late for crazy talk now, I was in deep.

For three months I trekked my way through the front doors of the clinic, willingly submitting to different types of prodding. Once a needle was poked into my arm to withdraw blood, another appointment a metal apparatus was shoved into my cervix by a man in a hospital lab coat I'd never met, and five times a wand the size of a t-ball bat was used to probe my insides so that a sonogram technician and I could marvel at the size of my ovary.

Each month, I watched my body for every nuance giving me telltale signs of being knocked-up. And each month my uterus came up vacant. A couple of days before my last appointment, Katie and I decided we were tired of this merry-go-round we'd been on for the last two years and that this would be the last try. If it didn't take, we'd move on and lavish money on ourselves during extravagant vacations.

We arrived at the clinic and Katie accompanied me into the room where the nurse would place valuable and costly sperm into the opening of my vagina with a very long and skinny syringe. Today was our lucky day—she would let Katie do the honors. The nurse slowly

slid the tube into place, gently nudging up against my uterus, and handed the apparatus to Katie. Then my partner slowly pushed the "little swimmers" into their destination.

And this time, it took. I was pregnant.

By my fifth week, I was nauseas twenty-four hours a day, rendering me useless in the ability to take care of my most basic needs. My partner fed me every single morsel of food that found its way into my mouth. Katie tucked me into bed every night at 7pm where I would collapse from exhaustion. And she soothed me during my daily rituals of crying about the alien fetus making a wreck of my body and mind.

"Katie, I don't think I can do this pregnancy thing!" I whined.

"Babe, yes you can."

"No I can't. And I'm going to be a horrible mother. I already don't like this parasite

lodged in my uterus. I'm sure I'm going to hate it when it's born."

"Mindy, you'll make a wonderful mother. Don't worry you'll fall in love with her. I know you will. Just believe me!"

As months slowly passed, my stomach grew as well as my ankles, feet, legs and face. Each night, Katie rubbed my swollen appendages as I sucked on strawberry popsicles. She was there every day to remind me that this is what we'd longed for, for so long. Everything was happening as planned.

When I was four months along, we made an expensive appointment with our lawyer to have wills made. We sat in his beautiful office constructed of polished cherry wood in a room with more empty space than necessary. We learned that even though we were spending thousands of dollars to file legal papers, attesting to my wishes that Katie would have sole custody of the child if some-

Each month, I
watched my body for
every nuance giving
me tell-tale signs of
being knocked-up.

thing were to happen to me, anyone could contest my desire, even though I was the biological mom.

Katie and I had been together seven years. We owned a house and were educated, law-abiding citizens. We paid our taxes and played by the rules of society, yet someone could swoop in and dismantle our family because they believed it was the "right" thing to do. Wasn't this the United States of America? Didn't we have rights here as citizens?

"Are you telling me that if something happens, my Christian Baptist brother could fight my partner for custody of this child we planned together, paid for sperm together and inseminations?

Katie has nursed me through this journey. Are you telling me he or anyone else for that matter has rights because he's straight and we're not?"

Our lawyer responded, "Unfortunately, I am telling you exactly that. In the state of Florida, homosexual people cannot adopt for any reason whatsoever. It is the only state in the nation at this time that doesn't allow for any provisions under the law."

"What is the likelihood something like this could occur?"

My lawyer responded, "We have one of the most conservative Circuit Court of Appeals in the country. So chances are that if someone heterosexual contested Katie's right to the baby, you could lose. Katie doesn't have any legal rights to the child and the child doesn't have any legal rights to Katie."

According to counsel for Concerned Women of America, "On January 28, 2004, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eleventh Circuit did what few courts seem willing to do these days—reject political correctness. In *Loiton v. Secretary of the Department of Children and Family Services*, the court

upheld the validity of a Florida statute forbidding homosexuals from adopting children".

"But its Katie's voice the baby has heard and will continue to hear. It is Katie who works all day and comes home to feed me and the baby. It is Katie painting the nursery and helping pick out dressers and quilts. It is Katie loving me through this pregnancy, giving me hope for the future. Without her my emotional health might be close to suicidal!" I practically scream.

"What are our options?" Katie asks.

"I've been in contact with lawyers in New Jersey. If the baby is born there, Katie's name can go on the birth certificate.

And some judges are waiving the amount of time you need to live there to become a resident."

"Are you saying we should just go up there to have the baby? Rent an apartment before my due date so that Katie can

be on this most coveted legal document?"

"I wish it were that easy. Not all judges are doing this. You have to pick the right county and then the right day the judge is on the docket."

Even though multiple variables were involved, Katie and I felt this was our safest option. My brother was hoping to expand his family and he probably thought it was in the best interest of the child to be raised in a heterosexual household. And who knows, he may have believed God whispered in his ear.

The next day, I began my search for lawyers in the grand state of NJ, who would be sympathetic to our cause to find out where these righteous judges held their pulpits. Luckily, I found a lesbian lawyer who knew of such happenings and she offered me free information. There was one judge in the Garden State sympathetic to our family's needs.

In the state of Florida,
homosexual people
cannot adopt for any
reason whatsoever.

He was granting same-sex couples residency after only a month's stay. This was great news—queers were having babies in NJ and both partners were named on the birth certificate.

Now that I knew where we could go and even though it would cost us an additional \$5000 to take this trip, we were willing. Keeping the family safe is what was most important. I called my insurance, Humana, and told them of my plan. "Ma'am I'm sorry to inform you, but childbirth will not be covered out of network. You have an HMO. If you had had a PPO, you could have the baby there, but you have an HMO."

My crime was that I didn't have the forethought to sign up for a PPO, so that I could travel 2000 miles away to a state I'd never ventured to before to have a baby with a doctor I'd never met in a hospital I was unfamiliar with. Is this what they call taxation without representation?

Our only option was to remain in Florida and pray nothing happened to me. The remainder of my pregnancy was sprinkled with dozens of anxious conversations filled with unsure predictions about the possible potential my Christian brother or any other member of my family could or would fight Katie for custody. Is constant worrying good for a fetus in utero? Science now knows the more a mother is inundated with stress hormones, the more likely her baby will be born colicky, with a lower IQ or even emotional problems. Is this what the Religious Right refers to as "family values"?

According to the American Academy of Pediatrics, "There is no credible scientific evidence that the sexual orientation of parents has any effects either on the quality of parenting or on the well-being of their children". In fact, the reliable

social scientific evidence indicates that lesbian and gay parents are as fit, effective and successful at parenting as their heterosexual counterparts. According to the American Psychiatric Association, "Decades of research indicate that optimal development for children is based not on the sexual orientation of the parents, but on stable attachments to committed and nurturing adults. Children with two parents, regardless of the parents' sexual orientation, do better than children with only one parent."

Katie and I stayed put in Florida and I delivered a baby in August 2006. And the unthinkable happened. I fell in love with my child.

As I lay breastfeeding my brand new infant, hospital personnel entered my room, asking me to diligently fill out the birth certificate. As Soleil, my daughter, rested in my arms, the

I'm used to living as a rule breaker. I'm queer, feminist, and have a bi-racial baby.

legal document sat on my lap. My eyes perused the empty lines, catching on the word FATHER. Could I fill the empty space with Katie's? Should I? Would it possibly slip by the watchful eye of the state and become legal before someone of significance sniffed it out?

Why shouldn't I? Heterosexually-privileged women placed whichever name they chose on these documents every damn day. And they were not interrogated about the legitimacy of their love lives. They wrote Sam when the actual sperm donor was Phil or Doug or Emmanuel. Or they had the option of leaving it blank. But me, I was forbidden to claim my partner as the parent who with me, right along side of me, dreamed of this baby in the first place nearly three years prior. She was there to take care of me, listen to my complaining of this damn baby that had taken hostage of my body, and even slide the

winning sperm into my uterus nearly ten months ago. And I could not place her name on the FATHER'S line.

I'm used to living as a rule-breaker. I'm queer, feminist and have a bi-racial baby. I held my breath and placed Katie's name on the certificate.

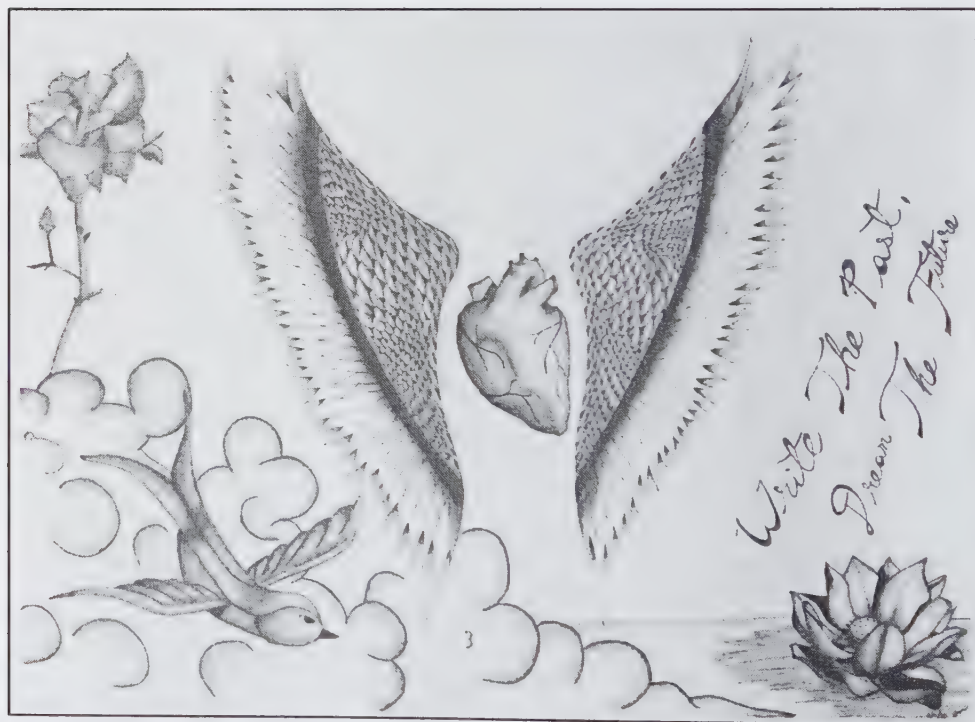
"Excuse me Ms. Stokes, but the great state of Florida does NOT recognize same-sex marriages and therefore, Ms. Rathmell cannot be placed on the birth certificate."

In concession, I could give the baby any last name I chose. The same right afforded all women.

As a lesbian woman, I could not choose the sperm I desired that would be placed into my most sacred of body parts. And I could not place Katie on the birth certificate, leaving my partner and our child lacking legal rights to one another. Luckily for me, Florida did not seize my uterus throughout this process. I guess this made me one-third of a human being. Is this social justice?

References:

Concerned Women for America. www.cwa.org.
American Academy of Pediatrics. www.aap.org.



Write the Past, Dream the Future

Garick Osterhold

GRANDPA

John Edwards

He sings today to bring the joy to life
To those who do not know of anything
Which hides so deep beneath the living strife
From head to heart, with just one tugging string.

He missed his train, to chance a second round
We'll yoke the burden on angry oxen
Death takes the fight well past familiar bounds
Nothing's unstained by this living toxin.

The man's no more when the mind appears
A missing piece of memories long gone
Erased that day like useless fears and years
Spent watching, working, not to miss the fun.

We tried this once this and crief no less than babes do
Nothing as great could we give good grace to.

UNTITLED

John Edwards

Waking up each morning
With you or just this
wisp on my pillowcase
like a gift not intended
Leave some scent
lingering between our slumber
Although I have
gone and forgotten
sweet touches softly
prying often closed my eyes
I can't lose my memory
the smell of your
locks plays the perfume
and entrances me to a time
when young lips touched and
that hair danced and
clothes were just something
like foreplay.

THE SKINNY ASS WHITE BOY

John Edwards

for Lucille Clifton

this slender frame
is barely enough to
get the job done.
despite all the questions,
with misdirected tries,
to fatten up these thighs
with whispered promises of breakfast
after long nights spent in bed with
those who suppose
there could be more me
not a skinny see through ordinary he.
how could I be quite as guilt free?
the scale of my self
perception is nondependent
on my shirt size in the catalog
or any mirror's reflection.



Nerd Hipster

Josh Conklin

THE TORPEDO BEHIND THE SUNFLOWER

Micah Dugan

Oh what visions I have tonight!
Eyes glazed, stoned
strutting down pavement,
burned flower petals
line November skies,
bleeding hearts
baptize the prize
for a rat race disguised
as The American Dream
that gleams beams
of sinister scenes
off the crowns
of kings and queens—
the elephants in power
in poached ivory towers
I say to you!
Do you have my visions too?
Do you have my dreams in mind?
Have you seen the torpedo behind the sunflower?
Have you kept me through the primetime hour?
Have you heard the sermon from Time Magazine
about the death of the elephant and the life of gasoline?
Do you telephone wires with Nixon pliers?
And set on fire all that inspires?
I dream of your plot tonight
and what greatness you will indict,
and what riots you will incite,
under bright, star thick November skies
and streetlight
I wait for it!
I wait for it to ignite,
I wait for the end
perched on a Portland paradise.



Big Red Shed

Therese Langevin-Frech

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF OUR PENINSULA

Anne Nixon

Change may be akin to a ribbon, moved by many forces for good or ill, short term or the long haul. The Columbia River forced sand as well as sediment into the Pacific Ocean, creating a narrow peninsula northward, and Willapa Bay. While it's width has varied little, the bay side eroded and the ocean shore built up over the years. Swamp land, like a center stripe, remained constant.

We humans and nature have shifted too. Reversals have been extreme in the oyster and fishing industry, but the subtle, gradual changes are often more interesting to look back upon. I've been a witness to many of them over the years. Occasionally just the natural progression saddens me, like aging barns giving way, or black-topped side roads instead of the crushed oyster shells we saw everywhere. I miss them.

Years ago an old man wondered, "How could anyone make this damn place any better?"

Oysterville's population has varied little since it barely missed becoming a ghost town. But the make-up of its people has been profound. Hardworking families with children lived there when I knew it; now retirees come to enjoy the peacefulness.

Two streets along Willapa Bay washed away over the years and finally Territory Road became the main one through town. Originally the big old houses faced the bay, and with that major change, their back doors became their front. It's clear which side was built for beauty by walking down the grassy lanes now, to look back from the east.

Since the mid 1930s, my feet have entered two old family homes in Oysterville as a part-time resident. My maternal grandmother and her three sisters, two with husbands, bought a house in 1919. Their plan was to be cranberry farmers, but the son they sent from Portland to oversee the purchase, fell in love with oystering.

That run-down house which they expected to fix up and live in for the rest of their lives, evolved into a summer boarding house, called the Heckes Inn. Soon they needed more bedrooms and purchased two side-by-side derelict buildings and attached them—the Greenman house and the old stage-stop hotel, the Swan. Both had been built in the oyster boom days of the 1800s.

When my mother was a child they looked forward to Fourth of July festivities at the parade ground along the bay front, near where the cannery now stands. Each child memorized a poem to recite after music and singing and marching. At the end of the celebration the grand marshall auctioned off box lunches—not today's box lunch, but the town cooks' most fabulous concoctions.

The still-vital post office/store is the town's only original business. When I was little it included a gas station. After picking up the mail, everyone gathered around the black potbellied stove for lively discussions. Many days it also helped dry their clothes. With only 50 or so residents by the '30s, short little Minnie Andrews could help run the store and still have plenty of time to stuff mail into black combination-lock boxes while

her husband sold fuel outdoors.

We kids delighted in watching her husband, Bert, sell gas. He grabbed a long handle on one of two tall, cylindrical tanks and pumped it up and down, which forced bright red or blue gasoline out into the tank of a car, always black in those days. Then he checked the oil and tire pressure, washed the windshield and collected 50 or 60 cents before the car tore off at 20 MPH. One day, though, the pumps were replaced by short, stubby, automatically-driven ones—ugly little rectangles with Chevron written on them. I was a teenager by then, and while I hadn't stood engrossed as the colored gas swirled high above my head for several years, I did miss the old beauties. Finally all pumps disappeared and the shelter was torn down.

Just down the road was a garage, run also by the Andrews family, known even across Willapa Bay as the place any car could be repaired. Consequently, it became a hub of activity. We waved to busy men working in the dim interior on the way to select our penny candy at the store.

Those were not days of bright lights. In fact, many homes had none at all. The hotel, as we called our main house, had an electric bulb in the kitchen, with kerosene lamps in the other rooms. And while there were few telephones, a wooden crank phone hung on a wall just inside our back door. We kids all loved the excitement of a long distance call to Portland—high drama as someone yelled into the mouthpiece with the rest of the family standing close by.

A few canneries sprang up after the oyster boom, flourished for a while, then

died by fire or the death of their owners. The grim reaper closed most doors, for there was no retirement age.

Our family's older folks began dying as World War II began, and the doors of their summer boarding house closed. The younger family continued in the oyster business, and remodeled the home to fit their needs. That one now stands, but doesn't resemble the big, familiar maroon place I cherished. After they sold their Swan Hotel-Greenman house, it rotted away and was demolished in the 1980s. Only the row of immense, windswept Monterey cypress along the road remain as they were, and I cherish them.

Gravel that spit at every car's underside, covered all the main roadways. Several times a week we heard the roar of the grader

as it rounded the S curve. As the huge blade smoothed out small rocks, it left a mound along each edge. We waved at the driver on his seat far above and waited for him to move on, so we could get to kicking his neat line of gravel.

No spartina grass clogged the sandy beach at the bay where we played near the smooth rocks, left by sailing ships when they traded that ballast for oysters so many years before. Summer days there were idyllic. After gingerly avoiding stickers when we ran down the lane, we played for hours on huge silvery tree roots washed ashore. As the tide came in we lay in the gooey, green slime while the warm salt water inched its way under, then over, our bodies.

Weekly trips to the treacherous ocean always included an adult, a picnic lunch, blanket, and much caution on the "busy" roadway. On that mile long walk,

Those were not days
of bright lights. In
fact, many homes
had none at all.

two or three cars might pass our little group, banded together at such times by holding hands. But otherwise we picked blackberries and salmonberries to eat as we straggled along the empty road. At the high dune we could look over the windswept sand with clumps of tall grasses. The only other greenery was a row of tall spruce that ran along the ridge north and south. As we reached that high spot we were free to run and play, ending finally at the beach where we searched for a sheltered spot to lay our blanket and food. Then, joining hands again, we waded up to our knees in the waves.

On our luckiest days we watched folks' cars that had strayed off narrow boards laid on the dry sand. Wheels spun and engines roared as their tires sunk deeper, sometimes with the tide coming closer and closer. We giggled at the comedy of their desperation and swearing.

At the south end of town an S-curve in the road was our childhood outer boundary. There is only a gentle one there now, but it's impossible to forget that beautifully sculptured "S."

Driving on, a snaking turn begins at Joe Johns Road. A lane takes off left, to a summer camp where we cousins spent part of one day before escaping along the bay sloughs. Regulation was foreign to us. I smile when I pass the narrow road that leads to today's camp, and think how remarkable it is that one persevered.

Rides into Ocean Park to the Ice Locker, near where Okie's is now, might have been hair-raising to others, but we were young. Our cousin usually sent to strong-arm huge roasts for the hotel

didn't believe in a center line. We careened along the right side of the road, around turns in the middle, and eventually found one side or the other again—without a single crash. Maybe people with cars had little time to waste driving around, for we met few coming north.

Over the years the south end of the peninsula grew in population and became modernized. In Long Beach bowlers had set their own pins in a three lane alley; that entire business vanished. Little cabins on the ocean ridge disappeared and large hotels and condos rose. Sidewalks appeared in places we'd never seen them before. It all seemed

unreal.

Tourists who came from Portland and Seattle wanted quiet beaches, and brought shovels to dig clams and rakes for crabs' holes. Swinging kerosene lanterns dotted the blackness of those

night clam digs like a fairyland. And during the day, cars putted along on wet ocean sand to enjoy one of the world's most spectacular rides. Thankfully, those have remained the same.

Some others, too, like being able to look oceanward at Klipsan Beach and see the old white buildings of the Coast Guard. And in Oysterville, part of the big, old cannery is still in business. The church and schoolhouse are used continually, which illustrates a will to preserve some things and let others go.

Horse rentals are still popular in Long Beach, and when I see a string of riders head out, it reminds me of a day there when I conned my father into an hour's ride on the beach. As we turned homeward, I watched his horse zoom past and saw him gripping the saddle horn!

We giggled at the
comedy of their
desperation and
swearing.

Farther south, Ilwaco hugs the north side of Baker Bay. After World War II its popularity increased to a fever pitch, and fishing boats filled the harbor all summer, culminating in a week-long Salmon Derby. But it eventually ended, and as with all implosions, towns shrink. After many years, growth is returning to

the port.

Sometime in the future we'll all be history in this long ribbon of change and static. The fellow who asked how the place he loved could be any better may have had a point. Is all this change making it a nicer place or just a different one?



Atop the Elliott

Angela Baumgartner

LEARNING HOW TO WALK

Travis Champ

Learning how to walk
in the dark I scrape flesh
upon nettle and soul
upon river rock.

The forest knows my heart
in all the ways
it delivers itself
to ruin.

And on nights the moon
guides me home
I often forget how
everywhere is without you.

LIMITATIONS

Travis Champ

The evidence of night
is that we share this: the waning moon,
the roaring sea, the known
universe stretching itself further
from limitations.

My prayers are also evolving
away from answers
back toward the familiar breath of water
before collisions of flesh occurred
in dry sand
and a stone was discovered
below the surface.

It has not been long since
we were together, so many parts of us
having lain like this
through the ages. Intertwined
at earth's edge, harvesting the stars
until dawn.

BLOWING SMOKE

Pattra Burnetto Monroe

Like my mother
I wake in the middle
of the night
to have a cigarette
I shouldn't have

Forbidden
like my thoughts
hidden
like my dreams
I think of you and wish I wasn't

blowing smoke



A Lake of Ground Fog

Charles Hillestad

MATHEMATICS

John Ciminello

I once understood the formulas:
the mathematics of timing,
the algorithms of risk,
and the calculus of forgiveness.
Now I'm not so sure.

In my youth I asked,
What is the square root of sacrifice
the bleeding radical abundance
nailed to the tree of algebraic marvels?
Now I wonder if I can spare some change.

Then the multiplier was evident,
a token of kindness seven times
the reciprocal of grief circulated like
a lucky coin, the currency of children.
Now the coin is missing.

If I discovered a page of arithmetic
from my youth, would I recognize
the penmanship—
the confidence of the sevens,
the passion of the nines,
or the base prime of the elevens?

Now and then I seek proof in the missing
pieces of this equation.
Something less than the sum of all
its broken parts.
Across this gap, this spectrum, this range
of all things being equal,

I find myself on one side,
you on the other.

STILL BREATHING

Walt Garnett

I'm still breathing.

There's something to be said for that.

I have a job I don't hate, with people I like. It doesn't pay all the bills, but it's a start.

I have two good kids. Confused, angry, depressed, afraid, wondering what they did to drive their daddy away.

But they mind—most of the time. They do their chores, they help with the things that need doing. It keeps us all busy and not thinking negative thoughts.

Is my life a shambles? Not really. But it's nothing like it was either.

Is this good? Bad? I guess it just is... It just is.

Stuff. We still have our stuff. He didn't take it all. He didn't take much, actually. Just the valuable stuff. The real stuff. The house, our home, our life as a family, my sanity, my dreams, my...

I told myself not to go there. There's nobody home in there. I won't go there! Even if it's true.

Two good kids, a life, an income, people who help with the rest.

I still have people in my life. Good people. Gail at Family Services, Bill at work. Well, a few people anyway.

Bill helped me find a cheap apartment. Gail kept me alive. She's been there, she knows. But it's not the same as when it happens to you.

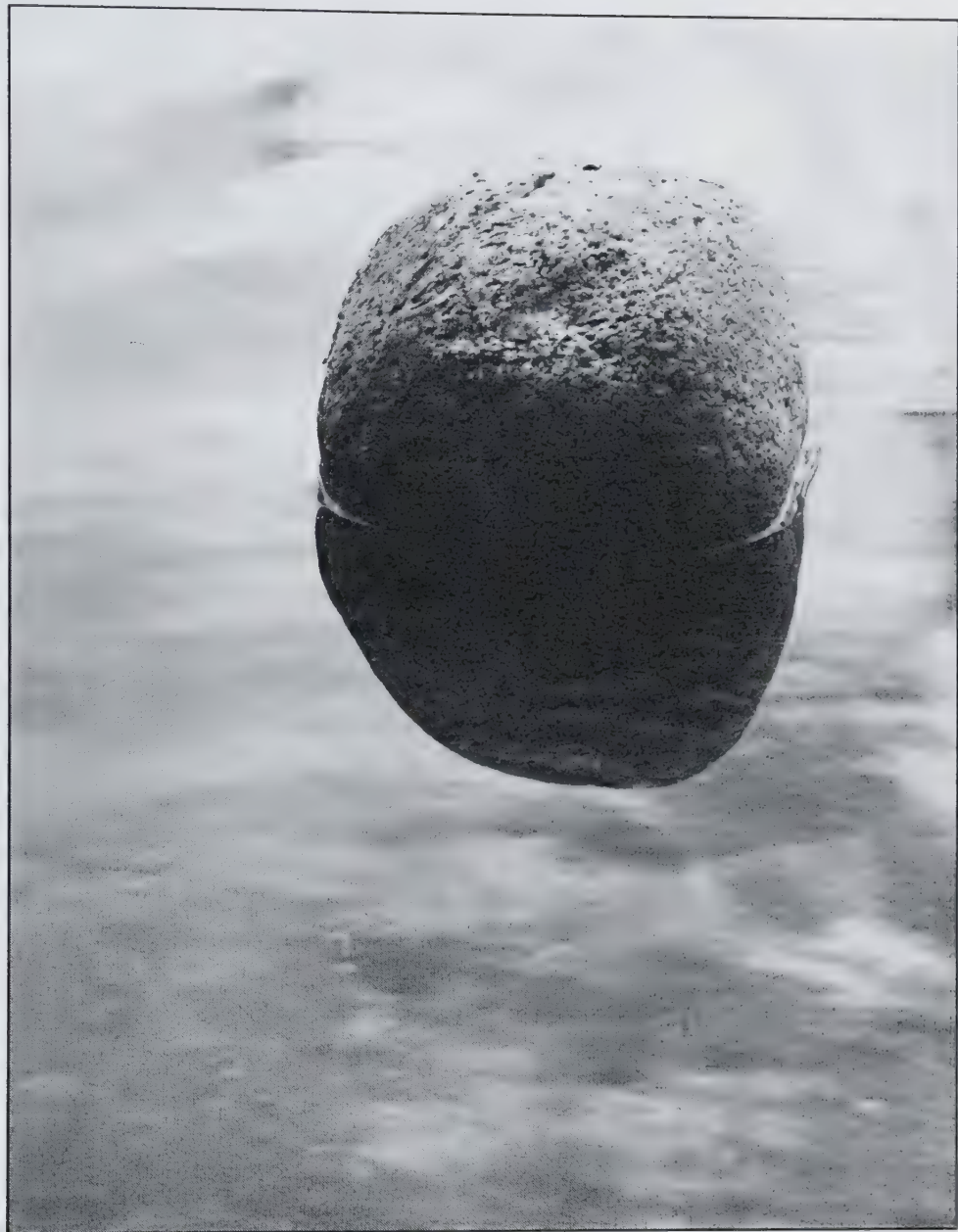
Bill would be a lover if I'd let him. I could hate him for that. But he's so nice otherwise. Unrequited love, they call it in the literature.

I wonder if his wife would understand?

I sure didn't. But then, Carl's love wasn't unrequited, was it? He and his secretary—for two years. Two years, and me without a clue.

But I told myself not to go there either. Hatred does no good to anyone. Especially me and the kids.

Especially while I'm still breathing.



Suspended in Reflection

David Lee Myers

THREE WEEKS WITH THE GOONIES

Mick Alderman

excerpted from a booklength work of the same title

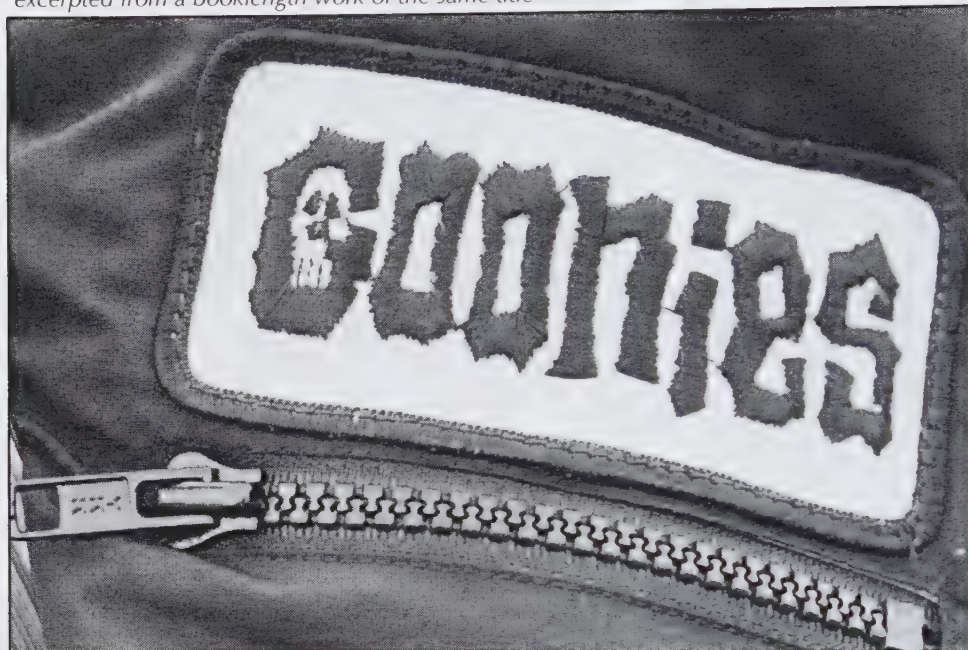


photo by Bill Wagner

Steven Spielberg is coming to Astoria!

It was the summer of 1984. I was an aspiring film director living in a small, riverside town in the northwest corner of Oregon. Originally founded as a fur-trading post in 1810, Astoria billed itself as "the oldest American settlement west of the Rockies."

At 19 years old I had already been making short movies on Super-8 film for six years. Movies were my life then and still are. The local newspaper, *The Daily Astorian*, had printed a brief story proclaiming that director Steven Spielberg would be shooting his next picture here. My parents had run across the

article and mentioned it to me. They weren't kidding! There it was in black & white: The man himself would be shooting a picture called *The Goonies* in Astoria and the surrounding area in late October.

Steven Spielberg is coming to Astoria!

Even then, Spielberg was already well-established as the biggest movie director in the world. His films to date had included, among others, *Jaws*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *1941*, *E.T. the Extraterrestrial*, and the first two installments of the Indiana Jones series. When I read the news that he'd chosen

my little dot on the map as the setting for his next project I could scarcely contain myself. I felt like a six year old who'd just been told the circus was coming to town. There'd be elephants, trapeze artists, and umpteen clowns crammed into a Volkswagen!

Spielberg had worked in the region on a prior occasion. For his World War II comedy *1941* he'd shot an opening sequence – which spoofed the opening of his movie *Jaws* – on the beach near Haystack Rock in Cannon Beach, Oregon, a few miles south of Astoria.

"You should see if you can get involved," my parents had suggested.

How naïve could

you get? Me, a total nobody, involved in what would no doubt be the biggest movie shoot of the year? I was painfully shy in those days and the thought of simply approach-

ing Hollywood's most famous director and asking for a job was beyond my ability even to consider.

"The worst they can say is no." My folks tended to invoke this trite bit of parental reasoning in a well-meaning attempt to coax me out of my shell. As a nineteen year old, of course, I knew better. The worst that could happen was I'd be laughed off the premises, arrested for trespassing and, most terrifying of all, blacklisted forever in Hollywood as the biggest numbskull ever to believe he could break into pictures.

But Steven Spielberg was coming to Astoria! The man could choose anywhere in the entire world to shoot his movie, and out of a gazillion possibili-

ties he'd selected my own back yard. What were the odds? They had to be beyond astronomical. And the chances of such a thing happening twice in my lifetime were practically inconceivable. So it was now or never.

I steeled my courage. The production was to be headquartered at the Thunderbird Motor Inn, essentially a high-end motel situated near the Port of Astoria. The T-bird – as the locals called it – represented the largest accommodations Astoria had to offer at the time. I picked up the telephone and dialed the front desk. Instantly my mouth went dry but I managed to croak out a request to

be transferred to Tony Amatullo in *The Goonies* production office. Tony Amatullo was the location manager for the shoot and, other than Spielberg, the only name mentioned in the newspaper blurb.

I reasoned that asking for Spielberg himself would have immediately betrayed me as the neophyte pretender that I was.

I reasoned that asking for Spielberg himself would have immediately betrayed me as the neophyte pretender that I was. The clerk on the other end of the line helpfully informed me that *The Goonies* team would not be arriving for a couple of weeks. I had time to prepare.

The Location Manager, as the title implies, is the principal liaison between the small army that is the production crew and the indigenous denizens of a given shooting location. He is the point man, to further the military metaphor, the first guy through the door. Ideally he smoothes the path for what is to follow—which, in the case of a Hollywood studio production, is an enormous convoy of vehicles, equipment and personnel

that, to the uninitiated, must seem preposterous.

As fate would have it, Tony Amatullo's office called my house first. Not to speak with me but with my father who was chief of the local volunteer fire department. They needed to procure a tanker truck of sufficient size – with a driver to operate it – that could wet down streets during filming. Paved roads are often slicked with water in order to reflect lights during night shoots. Although *The Goonies* would be set in daytime, the story ostensibly took place in the gloom and rain of autumn so they needed a water truck standing by in case Mother Nature didn't accommodate. The production office had been referred to my dad because his department supposedly had such a vehicle. He assured them that they did.

This was, in fact, a lie of sorts.

The fire department had been intending to replace their aging tanker truck, nicknamed The Monster, for some time. While that old truck would not meet the needs of the production, the

replacement my dad's department had been eyeing certainly would. There was just one small problem: the truck they'd been eyeing was at that point a rusted heap more suited for the wrecking yard than a Hollywood movie. The intention had been to rebuild that truck from the ground up rather than procure the funds to purchase a new one. *The Goonies* would begin shooting in a few weeks and the restoration of the tanker hadn't even begun.

As is typical of a rural department, the team of volunteer firefighters included engine mechanics, auto body specialists, and all manner of craftsmen whose job skills could be called upon to resurrect the tanker. They set to work rebuilding the engine, restoring the chassis and painting the cab. A larger-capacity water tank was rescued from an overgrown field to replace the original and an old pump was refurbished and installed. By the time filming began, the Goonie—as the new tanker had been christened – was ready to roll.

In his dealings with Tony Amatullo



photo by Bill Wagner

my father had mentioned that his filmmaker son was interested in becoming involved with the production on some level and asked about the possibility of that becoming a reality. Tony recommended that I stop by the production office when he arrived in town and speak with him personally. When my dad handed me Tony's room number and conveyed the invitation my heart skipped a beat. I would no longer be an anonymous face in the crowd; I had a toe in the door!

On the date of his arrival it was all I could do to keep myself from showing up at Tony's room the moment he checked in. I reasoned it best, though, to give him a few days to settle in. When I could no longer restrain myself I hopped on my motorcycle and raced down to the T-bird.

I expected to see movie star trailers, camera cranes, and people maneuvering huge 35mm Panavision cameras. Instead, there was just the usual parking lot filled with cars. As I approached room number 160, purported to house the production office, I began to notice young people scurrying from room to room. Instead of cameras, they were totting bundles of paper. Unbeknownst to me at the time, I was receiving my first lesson in professional movie production: most of the work takes place long before the first frame of film is exposed.

The door to Tony's office was propped open and assistants were entering and exiting like worker ants. When I sensed a lull in the activity I poked my head through the door. "I'm looking for Mr. Amatullo," I offered to the first person who made eye contact with me.

"He's inside. Go on in," came the reply, and the speaker was gone.

I mused to myself: That's it? Just go on in? No security guard demanding my credentials?

Moving tentatively inside the narrow room I noticed cardboard boxes stacked floor-to-ceiling occupying almost an entire wall. The boxes were sealed and bore product names like Snickers, M&M's, and Reese's. Dozens of brand new shoe boxes displayed the Nike swoosh. Case upon case of Pepsi brand soft drinks sat unopened.

"Hi. Tony Amatullo. How can I help you?" inquired the man behind the small desk in the corner. It was piled high with the constantly flowing paperwork. Phones were ringing incessantly in the neighboring rooms.

I have no idea what I said to him; something prosaic, no doubt. I was in the Zone. I had stepped through the looking glass and entered Wonderland. Tony was exceedingly friendly, a trait that doubtless contributed to his success as a big-time Location Manager, and he gave me more attention than seemed appropriate considering how obviously busy he was.

Between the time of the initial announcement of the movie and the date of my meeting, the newspaper had printed several additional press releases, each of which I had scrutinized for nuggets of information like a Forty-Niner panning for gold. One article, for instance, had revealed that the cast of *The Goonies* would be comprised largely of child actors. Hoping to demonstrate that I'd done my homework I remarked, "This must be for the kids," and gestured toward the boxes against the wall.

"Nah," said Tony. "Companies just send us stuff. Help yourself if you want anything."

That was the second lesson I learned about the Hollywood movie biz: so-called "product placement" isn't limited to negotiating the inclusion of a brand name onscreen. When *Entertainment Tonight* or *People Magazine* show up

on set with their camera crew or photographers for a behind-the-scenes peek into a movie's production, and the star happens to be wearing Nike shoes or drinking a Pepsi during his interview, that's a million dollars' worth of advertising, all for the comparatively paltry cost of a truckload of free product.

Wanting to seem professional I declined Tony's offer, though a new pair of Nikes would not have gone unappreciated.

Tony listened politely as I described my filmmaking experience, meager though it was. He then offered me a choice: I could be hired on as an assistant, which in all likelihood meant I would spend most of my time answering phones or running errands downtown, or I could forgo a paycheck and simply be a fly-on-the-wall, learning the ropes of moviemaking directly at ground zero.

That wasn't even a choice. I certainly hadn't fantasized about the possibility of watching a master filmmaker ply

his craft only to wind up stuck in a car or motel room. I chose the latter offer. Tony wasn't surprised. "You'll have to clear it with the director. He'll be arriving in a week. I'll introduce you. If he okays it, you're in."

Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod...

"That's Mr. Spielberg?" I confirmed, struggling to appear casual. The lump in my throat felt the size of a grapefruit.

"No. Spielberg's one of the producers. The director is Richard Donner."

I'm not sure how long I must have stood there in shock, but it was long enough for a whole range of emotions to slam through me. Spielberg isn't directing! All of my angst and anticipation were for nothing! Then, wait...Richard Donner...I know that name...

"As in *Superman*? That Richard Donner?"

"Yep. *Superman* and *The Omen*."

In 1978, *Superman: The Movie* was released. It was huge, an event picture that promised, "You will believe a man



Spielberg & Donner on the Set

photo by Bill Wagner

can fly.” But more than that it had heart and spirit and was crafted by a filmmaker who had taken the material seriously, rejecting the campy atmosphere which most prior attempts at comic book movies had embraced. To this day, many directors still consider Donner’s *Superman* to be the standard by which all subsequent examples of the genre must invariably be measured. Maybe I wouldn’t get to watch my number one idol at work, but if I had to settle for a second choice this was a pretty darned respectable one.

I later learned that Donner was also a producer on *The Goonies*, along with Harvey Bernhard. Steven Spielberg was actually one of three executive producers, along with partners Kathleen Kennedy and Frank Marshall, and *The Goonies* was but one of four features they were producing simultaneously. The others were *Back to the Future*, *Young Sherlock Holmes*, and Spielberg’s own directorial effort, *The Color Purple*.

Tony handed me his business card. I still have it, and still get goose bumps when I hold it.

A week later I rode up on my motorcycle to find that many of the cars in the T-bird parking lot had been replaced by trucks. There were a lot more people scurrying about, some of them pushing long racks of clothing. The air was even more charged than before.

I tracked down Tony and, to my amazement, he recognized me immediately. “Let’s go find Dick,” he said, and led me down the hall.

I heard Richard Donner long before I saw him. He was a big guy – 6’2” – with an even bigger voice. Originally an actor, his voice was ideal for performing onstage; you could easily hear him in the back row, and probably from outside the theater as well. Tony followed the

voice to the man himself and introduced me then left us alone.

This was the moment of truth. Shaking my hand was one of the biggest-name directors in the world, in charge of one of the biggest movies in the world. I figured I had about thirty seconds to make my pitch. In a single breath I laid out who I was, who I intended to become, and what an invaluable learning opportunity this production presented for me. Donner didn’t even think about it. In the blink of an eye he made a decision: “Sure, that sounds fine. You can hang out on the set, watch what goes on, talk to the crew, even look through the camera lens if you want to. Just stay out of people’s way and don’t take pictures or ask for autographs. Act like a professional.”

Just like that it was a done deal. Donner passed me off to Dan Kolsrud, the First Assistant Director – or 1st AD – who gave me a copy of the “one-line” shooting schedule, dated 10/4/84, which I still possess, though nearly everything on that schedule had changed by the time shooting commenced. Dan, in turn, introduced me to Pat Cosgrove and Sharon Gerhard, the 2nd AD’s. It was from them that I would receive instructions on where I could safely stand and when to be quiet during shooting.

All that remained was for me to drop out of college for the term – a small price to pay for an experience of a lifetime.

photos courtesy of Clatsop County Historical Society



Pencil Cans

Robin Adair

SUMMER TWILIGHT RECIPE

Marion Jackman

Turn down the heat to 50 degrees
Wipe away the clouds
And sprinkle a handful of stars across the darkened sky
Polish the moon until it shines its silver light across
The grounds ridding them of shadows
Cool off the grass until crisp and litter with droplets of dew
Spread the fireflies out with a gentle breeze
Add a cupful of crickets
And slowly mix their song with the frogs singing
Hidden in the shadows
Watch the moon peek between the pines
Serve up a soft breeze to combine
The scents of pine and grass
Add a pinch of summer
And cherish it to last
Just a little longer



Paint Rags Installation

Rhonda Grudenic



Untitled

Rhonda Grudenic

REMINDE ME AGAIN

Jan Bono

"Remind me again," said Sherry, stepping gingerly over the trolley tracks that ran along the river. "Who's this guy we're supposed to meet down here?"

"I never said I was meeting anyone," replied Marie, taking a sip from her latte. "I said I was looking for someone."

"So you just want to find him—but not talk to him?"

"Well, I know he used to work near here, and I just wanted to get a feeling for the place."

"Hmmm...." Sherry contemplated this new information. "Well if he worked at this old railroad depot, he must be about a hundred and ten by now."

"Don't be silly," replied Marie, "this depot was closed in 1952."

"Ok, good," said Sherry, nodding happily. "I thought maybe you were losing it."

"Well," said Marie, "to be totally honest, I'm looking for the essence of someone who helped build the original trestles down here in the 1890s."

"What?!" Sherry stopped walking and glared at Marie. "You've been burying yourself in those museum archives for months now. I knew it would come to no good. You're confusing your time zones."

Marie sighed. "I am perfectly aware of the time, the date, and the year, thank you very much." She took another drink from her paper cup.

Sherry plopped herself down on a convenient bench along the walk and quietly sipped her own coffee while watching the freighters moored out on the Columbia. Marie sat down beside her in companionable silence.

"So," said Sherry after a time, "you dragged me out here on a ghost hunt?"

Marie grinned at her. "Kind of."

"And what do you expect to gain by this?"

Marie expelled a long breath. She looked away from her friend and off across the water. "It's personal."

Charles put his right hand on his hip holster as he walked along the trestle heading into town. Like everyone else in Astoria in 1898, he carried a weapon.

A man approached him out of the dark and the fog. Charles tightened his grip on the handle of the gun and kept walking. When the man was abreast of him, he tipped his hat and spoke gruffly. "Evenin'."

"Evenin'," Charles replied, and relaxed a little.

Building the five miles of trestle on low-level pilings for the train running from Portland to Seaside had been hard work and had taken a long time. But

Charles had been frugal, and he'd saved up enough money to send for his beloved Rebecca. He smiled. Day after tomorrow, she'd be arriving by train along the very track he'd helped to construct.

Charles turned inland from the waterfront and walked a few blocks up to the area they called Swilltown. The three-story Louvre Saloon, at 7th and Astor, was not on his usual route home from work, but it was Saturday night, and the town was howling. It was the end of the workweek, and tonight Charles felt like celebrating. Rebecca would arrive on Monday!

He walked past the roulette table, the men playing cards, and the ladies beckoning for him to join them. He nodded to a couple of fishermen he knew sitting with Joseph Kelly. "Bunco" Kelly, they called him—the king of all types of vice in its lowest forms.

And that's the very
last thing Charles
remembered until
he awoke at sea.

Charles nearly shuddered. His Rebecca would not cotton to him fraternizing with the likes of the men at these tables. And after tonight, he thought, he'd not be seen here at all. He smiled again as he slid onto a barstool and ordered himself a tall stein of the best bootlegged brew this side of the Rocky Mountains.

He looked at himself in the mirror behind the bar. He could see a man coming up behind him as he lifted his drink to his lips. "To Rebecca!" he murmured, taking a long, deep draft from the glass.

And that's the very last thing Charles remembered until he awoke at sea.

"Remind me again why we're friends?" Sherry said huffily to Marie.

"You know why," Marie replied, without taking her eyes off the river. "It's because you don't laugh at me or think I'm nuts when I get the urge to do something other people would call crazy.

"Well then, seriously. Marie, what's so all-fired personal that you can't share it with me? I thought that's what friends were for."

"I didn't say I wouldn't share it." Marie turned now to face her. She gnawed on her lower lip. "You remember me telling you about my great-great-great grandmother Rebecca?"

"Vaguely." Sherry's brow furrowed in thought. "She was the hooker who married well, right?"

"Sherry!" Marie admonished. "There's a lot more to her story than that. I've been reading her diary, and confirming some of the details at the museum."

"Oh, so that's why you've been spending so much time there."

Marie nodded. "My great-great-great-granny Rebecca came to Astoria in 1898. She was supposed to join Charles, her true love, and live happily ever after in a house on the hill. That's what she wrote about in her diary." Marie closed her eyes and recited from memory, "Imagine me, a fine and fancy woman living a

wonderful life in a house on the hill in Astoria! Oh, I can hardly wait to join my beloved Charles there!

"And then she ended up marrying another man, a man she didn't even love, but a man who rescued her from working in a brothel."

Sherry smiled at her friend. "So what is it you want me to help you do?"

Rebecca tugged at the sleeves of her coat and shivered again. No one was there to meet her, and it was getting dark. She hoisted up her suitcase and started trudging toward the area where she could see gaslights coming on.

"Astor and Bond," she said, reading the street sign and nodding. Rebecca smiled. "Named for John Jacob Astor, American businessman." Already she felt at home here.

She saw a large house with red draperies on the windows. How cheery! she thought, and climbed the steps to knock on the door.

The woman who answered her knock was a red-headed daughter of sin. A "painted lady," some would call her, but Rebecca did not know it at the time. "Hello," said the woman huskily. "My name's Anna Bay." She looked Rebecca up and down. "And I'm guessing you're looking for a place to stay."

The woman who answered her knock was a red-headed daughter of sin.

Rebecca nodded. "But just until I can locate my Charles," she said brightly, and stepped inside. A few days later, Rebecca's money ran out and there was still no sign of Charles. Anna Bay explained to her that she'd have to work for her keep, and another "fallen angel" joined the ranks.

Weeks later Rebecca learned how Charles had been shanghaied for a \$50 bounty, and how it was unlikely he would ever return. She was consoled, just a little, to know he'd not abandoned her willingly. A year or so after that, she was fortunate enough to meet a man who recognized her genteel upbringing and immediately married her.

And so she went from a house of ill-repute to a house on the hill after all.

"Remind me again why we had to come back here at night?" Sherry used the beam of her flashlight to scan along the trees bordering the Riverwalk.

"Because you don't get too many spectral sightings during the day."

"Uh-huh. And why did we have to come on a full moon? You know the crazies come out on a full moon!" Sherry whispered loudly.

"The crazies—you mean like you and me?" asked Marie.

"Well, at least like you." Sherry giggled despite herself.

Marie moved in among the bushes at the river's edge and sat down on the embankment. She switched off her light. "Come," she said. She patted the ground next to her. "Sit."

"Come. Sit." Sherry mimicked her. "You think I'm a Cocker Spaniel or some

thing?"

"No, I think you're my best friend, and I need you here with me."

Sherry sat down next to her, flipped off her flashlight and put it in her pocket.

"I don't think I like this," she whispered. "It's too spooky."

"Charles was shanghaied at night," Marie began. "They rowed him out to a big ship moored out on the river, and he never saw his true love again." She reached into her pocket. "I made a copy of a picture of the two of them together." She held it out to Sherry, who turned her flashlight back on to take a good look.

"Cute couple."

"And ill-fated." Marie sighed. She took the photocopied picture back and rolled it into a tube. "Got the bottle?"

Sherry handed her an empty screw-top wine bottle. Marie inserted the picture and tightened the cap. "Now their souls are finally together, here on the river that took them apart." She stood and threw the bottle far out into the water.

"Be at peace, young lovers."

"Be at peace," echoed Sherry.



Bridge

Deborah Starr

A HARMLESS BIT OF EROTICA

Karen Sexton

After a couple of weeks, you
said, I've put a toothbrush for you
in the bathroom.

Once, rambunctious in our passion we fell out of bed,
you first, me on top with laughter and a little fart.

One time we put fresh sheets on the bed together.

In February you gave an erotic story I had written for you
to another woman to read.

It's just a harmless bit of erotica, you
said.

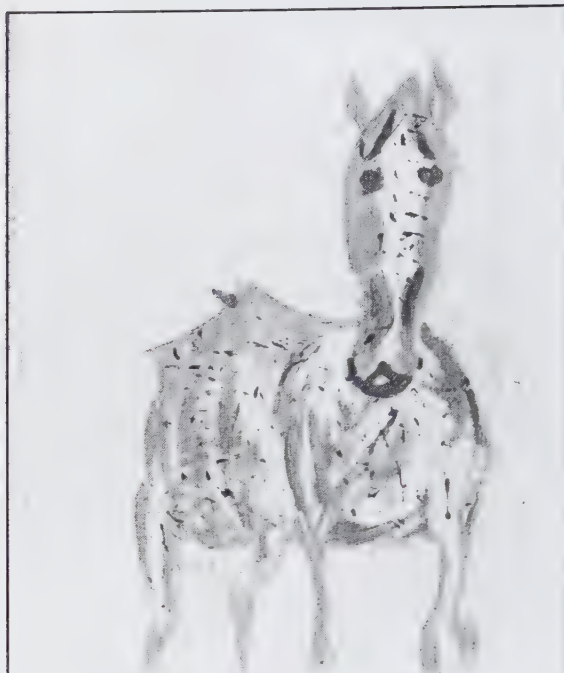
The night your father died we talked for
four hours on the phone.

One day you stopped talking to me.

I wonder if you thought it was just
a harmless bit of silence.

Recently, showering, I rinsed away the soap from my thighs
and looked for your fingerprint bruises.

I wonder when you threw my toothbrush away.



Horse

Tim Liddiard



Spanish Man

Tim Liddiard

CANNERY FLATTERY

Lorrey Nelson

Shuckin' oysters, weighin' bait...
cleanin' clams will have to wait.
Fillets of salmon, spray 'em down...
wrap 'em up to go to town.

Peelin' shrimp, the crabs' a boilin'
gotta keep it all from spoilin'.
Take a break? No time for that,
the hours' long, the paycheck fat.

Steaks of ling cod, halibut stew,
enough to feed the whole damn crew.
Scrape the deck and mend the nets,
the guys are busy placin' bets.

Cannery flattery, no room for rest...
the finest seafood at its best.
The stench familiar, cold and strong...
and cares not if the day is long.

Wicked minutes, losin' speed...
sticking to these dirty deeds.
To find a pearl in this mess,
would be a button on my dress.

For fifteen days I'd sail the sea,
I'd drift in salty foggy breeze.
I'd troll the driftin' passing time,
untailed gown, my heart sublime.

Back to work the vision fades,
my finger met another blade.
Skipper's yellin' at the guys,
"Grab the lines, undo the ties."

Another day is passin' by,
another daydream comes to mind.
To cast that pearl back to sea...
what an abstract destiny.

Forcin' joints to twist and bend,
some parts of life you just can't mend.
Back that aches and bones on fire,
they all give meaning to...perspire.

Slingin', liftin' freezin' hands,
just ten more hours left to stand.
Winds a bouncin' off the river,
just to add to this endeavour.

Take a salty swipe from brow,
to see another boat dock now.
Turn around to stretch and see,
another basket moored, to weave.

Sigh, and take another look,
at thoughts to add to an unwritten book.
Someday this will be a memory,
my tired fingers writin' carefully.

SMALLER THAN A BOTTLE

Shana Powell

Smaller than a bottle
You asked me to be smaller than a bottle
but bigger than you.
You asked me to be smaller than a friend, or a game,
or an opportunity to look bigger.
You loved me.
I know that.
But you asked me to be smaller than a hope
or an idea
or a thing.
You asked me to know you better than yourself
and I did;
to remind you
of what you would do
and I did.
You asked me to have
and to uphold;
and I did.
I did it gratefully
and with an open hand of love.
I don't do it anymore.
But I would have,
if you hadn't asked me to be
smaller than a bottle.

KEEP GOING

Will George

On a sunny spring day after school, three of us rode out to Lake Nepco on our Stingray bikes. The wind pushed against us on our long ride, so we rose up off our seats and pedaled harder as we zipped past the fenced-in llamas off the fire road. The beach was closed for the season, but some big kids threw a green picnic table into the water. It floated a ways off shore and made a good target to swim to. I sat on the beach and didn't move as Jet and Bruce tore off their shirts. "Come on George!" I sat.

"Come on or can't you swim?"

"Yeah, I can swim, sorta."

"Then, come on. We'll race to the table."

While they jumped straight into the water, I took my time, and shivered. I waded in, and as the water grew deeper I tiptoed, then bounced from foot to foot so I could keep my head above the waves. I could feel goose bumps on my arms. Excitement for the adventure, and dread, filled my mind. When the water started to smack me in the face I began to dog paddle. Jet and Bruce laughed but that didn't matter because the table grew closer to my reach. But when I was almost there, the wind pushed the table further out. My arms began to feel heavy, a look back showed I was past the half-way mark. I couldn't make it to the shore. Turning back towards the raft, a wave hit me in the mouth. I leaned back and coughed. Now upright in deep water, I tried to stay afloat. I kicked and reached out

to nothing. Jet and Bruce laughed harder because they thought I was making a new joke. I kept reaching for anything. My friend's faces disappeared as I went under. Everything was dark and cold. I fought my way back up to the surface and reached out to the closest person. Jet offered his hand and I grabbed his shoulder and we both began to sink. Jet pushed away from me. "George, swim to the raft." Going down and coming up for air, I kept fighting the water. People started screaming. Everything blurred. I grew tired of the fight, I let myself sink. Then a strong grip latched onto my arm and like a football released from underneath the water, I popped straight up, opened wide, breathed and coughed as the sun hit my face with bright light. Carried on large shoulders, the big kids took me to the beach. On the warm sand, I laid there surrounded by big high school kids. Everyone stared. No one knew what to say. I was embarrassed and just wanted everyone to leave.

"Are you alright?" asked one of the girls.

"Yeah," I mumbled. "I am okay."

I got up and headed to my bike. I turned to the guy that pulled me out and said, "Thanks," and parted through the circle. Jet didn't believe what had just happened. He asked if I was joking. When I arrived home I did not tell anyone.

About a year later, while everyone frolicked like dolphins on the other

side of the dock, I struggled. I couldn't relax while floating on my back. I sank every time, but I was determined to learn how to swim.

So I practiced what I had learned earlier that day at the swim lesson. Arch the back, arms to side, bring them up to the sides of the chest and out like a bird and down. And now the legs, let them hang down like the arms, and kick the legs in a circle. It was so much to remember and do all at once.

The camp swim instructor had been helpful all week during lessons. We reviewed, and then I sank. Occasionally he would put his hand under my back to keep me afloat and I thought I would make it; but then, down I went like a rock.

The floodlights made the beach silver and the water secretive. Stuck in the non-swimmers' section with several other kids, I practiced my strokes while they tossed a ball back and forth in the waist-deep water. I didn't want to play, I wanted to swim.

I leaned back in the lake again, ready for the water to gush into my mouth, and then have to stand up and cough. I kicked back and looked up at the dark sky, but something was different. I floated. The water did not enter my mouth; the water stayed beneath my body and supported me. I was moving.

As soon as I started to sink, I pulled my arms up and let my legs hang down in the water and then, I moved my arms and legs in one quick motion like a powerful pair of scissors, and glided straight as an arrow on the archery range. The strokes

were working! I kept gliding on top of the water. I heard someone yell from the beach, "Keep going. Keep it up. You are doing great." It was my swim instructor. He was standing in his lifeguard chair. I stood up.

"Why did you stop?" he yelled with enthusiasm.

I wiped the water from my face and shouted, "I thought you wanted something."

"I wanted you to keep going. That's great. You got it."

I smiled and walked back to my original spot against the boundary rope, leaned back and jetted across the surface. I could swim. I was an astronaut in space who could float and see the night sky forever as I took my first space walk. I was Jacques Cousteau ready for a deep dive.

Maybe I could take the test and enter the deeper water, the swimmers area.

Now my only concern was how to avoid hitting my head on the dock as I went back and forth.

When the swim time ended that evening, I thanked my instructor. Today, water was not my enemy. I still feared the deep and unknown parts out in the middle of the lake, but at least I could claim victory over that shallow section.

The floodlights
made the beach
silver and the
water secretive.

MY LEVI'S TAB DRESS

Robin Adair

In the ninth grade I started collecting Levi's tabs, the little tab on the back pocket. I collected 500. I made a small purse out of them. I continued to collect them over the summer and had 2000 by the beginning of tenth grade. I wrote Levi Strauss & Company, told them about my collection, my purse and asked them for 10,000 tabs to make a dress. They sent the tabs, and I started sewing. In April of 1971, I ran for Junior Class Vice President, and I wore my finished dress onstage to give my speech.



My Levi Dress

Robin Adair



Untitled

Patricia Howerton

EPILOGUE

Bill Adamson

Wouldn't it be pretty if that were so.

Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises*

"It'll be closer if I drive you around back," the cabby says as he pulls to the curb.

"This'll be fine. I want to see this one too," I say.

I pay the cabby and get out. It's windy, sort of cold and there's a spitting little rain. The topcoat I'm wearing feels good. It always feels a little strange when I wear my top coat. Nobody wears a topcoat in LA, so I always feel overdressed in one. Sort of like wearing a tuxedo instead of a suit. But I do enough business on the east coast to justify it. Besides, it can be an ego boost to feel overdressed sometimes. And there are times like this on the East Coast when I need it.

Before he drives off, the cabby rolls down his window and points.

"When you get finished here, there's a path right over there. Just follow the path about a quarter of a mile that way. You can't miss it," he says.

I wave thanks and he takes off.

The entrance to the World War II Memorial is impressive. The Washington monument is just up the Mall from it, the American flag is flying on the flagpole in front and the low walls guide you in. There're bronze plaques on the walls, maybe two feet square. I go over to take a look. They're combat pictures. Sort of Thirties-Heroic-Socialist-Realist combat art, but nice enough.

The sound of running water dominates the place. In the main space there's

a small waterfall and the reflecting pool. Behind them are the stars, a wall full of stars. I read somewhere that it was one star for every hundred men killed. To the right and left are the two towers, for the Pacific and the European theaters. I go down the stairs and walk to the base of the tower on the right. Written around its base are the names of battles: Normandy, the Bulge; names I remember from history books.

I don't know what made me look, but an old man has come to the top of the steps. There were two women with him. One about his age, I'd guess his wife. The other looks young enough to be his daughter. He's holding his daughter's hand as if she's steadying him, even though he's leaning on a cane in his right hand. He has on what I think is a VFW cap. He is leaning on a cane, taking it all in. I can see the pride in his eyes. He looks my way and our eyes meet. For no reason I can think of I put my feet together and bring my right hand up in a salute. He shifts his cane to his left hand and returns my salute. He nods to me as I drop my hand. I look around the Memorial again. I can sense the pride and the triumph.

I leave the Memorial and find the path the cabby told me about. The sky is dark and threatening, but the spitting rain hasn't gotten any worse. The leaves are still on the trees, but they've all turned. The ones ahead are golden. They stand out against the dark gray clouds. A fold in the ground and the trees seem to hide the path from everything around it.

"Why am I doing this? I've been to



Untitled

Cindy VanDeventer

DC a lot of times. Why am I going there now? I've seen the pictures. That should be enough. There's nothing more to see here," I think.

There's a small rise ahead. Nothing big, maybe eight or ten feet. Just enough to block the view. When I reach the top I can see the Women's Memorial.

I look to the right and there it is— That Black Wall. No flag, nothing— just that Black Wall cut into the side of a little rise.

"Can't even fly a flag over it, can they," I think.

Feelings I have run away from for years are trying to get out. I can't let that happen. I have to keep my distance. I can't go closer to the Wall, not yet.

I walk to the Women's Memorial. There are the three nurses, the only women allowed in a combat zone then. I guess the sculptor had some idea about the three fates, but it isn't coming through. One is holding the shot-up GI. Another, is looking for the dust-off chopper. The third is on her knees, holding a helmet, crying. I'd read some crap about

one of the nurses "cradling the wounded man in her arms." The sculptor knew better than that. I can see the field dressing under her hand. He has a sucking chest wound. He's dying. She's holding his life in her hand and feeling it slip away. He might live, but I wouldn't give much for his chances.

I turn away and continue down the path. I can't look at it anymore. I can feel the three nurses behind me. I can remember the smell of the in-country hospitals. The sounds on the wards at night, nurses fighting to save a life, muffled nightmares. I can remember the nurses. Whoever the sculptor was, he did a good job. It was the third nurse, the one crying that made me know he understood. It was something they never let us see. But a human being can only see so much, only see life slip away so many times. How much did it cost them to help us?

For the first time in years the face of the kid in Japan comes to mind. Funny that I can still see his face so clearly. Remember what the ward looked like,

remember the feel of the stump of his leg in my hands as we changed the sheet on his bed. Wonder what happened to him.

"Maybe later. I'll loop back and look at it again later," I think.

To my right I can feel the Wall, black, brooding, silent. It's there and I can't look at it. Ahead I can see the sculpture of the three GI's. I'd always thought that they were by the center of the Wall. They aren't. They're near the parking lot and a lot smaller than I thought they would be, only life-size. People are taking pictures of their kids in front of them. Not sure what I think about that.

I have a sense of disappointment. I want them to be bigger. I want them to be raised on a pedestal. I want them to express some heroic vision, like the six World War II Marines raising the flag on Mount Suribachi. I want a lie, but the artist gave me the truth. It's what we looked like. Vietnam wasn't the war for heroic visions. They tell the truth, that has to be enough.

A little ways away are the directories, so you can find a name on the Wall. They're the size of phone books. 55,000 names. Some names come to mind, but I just look at those books. I can't touch them, I don't know why.

Without thinking I've kept my eyes away from the Wall, but I know I have to look at it. I start down the path by the Wall. At the start, the Wall is small and low. But with each step, it seems to grow. At the base of the Wall there's a small channel, just a couple of inches wide. It must have been intended as a drain. But it's where little gifts are left; cigarettes, flowers, an old Zippo lighter. I let my eyes see the names. It's quiet near the Wall. If people talk at all, they talk in whispers.

When the Wall is higher than my head I stop and face it. The names. Its blackness. Its silence. I let my hand run across a name in front of me without really seeing it.

"It has to mean something," I think.
"It has to mean something."



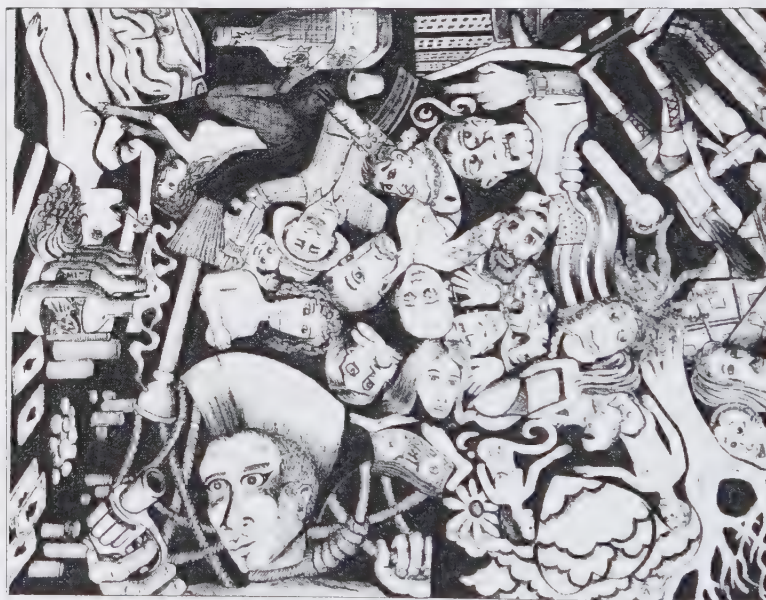
Good

Cindy VanDeventer

TIME

Grace House

He lost his rhythm.
He lost his rhyme.
He's just a man
Lost in time.
He had a style,
For a while.
Now he is old.
His story told.
He has no beat
Left in his feet.
He has a heart,
He has a soul.
But life, at last,
Must take its toll.
He has no rhythm.
He has no rhyme.
He is just a man,
Now, out of time.



Life and Love

Josh Pikop

THREE IN THE GARDEN

Claudia Harper

They read and paint quiet in the garden
used to the bees the sound of growing things
and silence between

one a still-water woman of hidden temper
impatient in shadowed thought
caught in a triangle of heart

the other torpid pink-tropic of mind
languorous as a sated cat
and fingertip-quick to laugh

the third a flicker of electricity
vocal, vehement, demanding a place—
space to speak of times before

now they bask in simmering heat
lulled by reassuring sighs of a flowing pool
they remain separate yet one like leaves on a vine

their adult children shrug acceptance
while friends smile perplexed
at their comfortable communion
and in a zebra sun they speak of Matisse
Tahiti Lorca Sati
define the scent of gardenia and jasmine
compare Peruvian flute to Egyptian oud

remember when you danced the fandango
remember when you went away
remember the snow on the mountain
come let's walk the river by the bay

HER DOMINION

Miranda Rinks

The river is my mother. She guides me and soothes me, she listens. When I leave her, I cry.

I have traveled many miles outside the limits of our country. I have seen great and amazing things. I have drawn a picture of the Eiffel Tower while sitting under its mighty shadow. I have traveled all over within the limits of our 50 United States and grew up on the sandy dunes of Lake Michigan. But not one of the many places I have seen, have reached in and tapped my heart like the mouth of the Columbia River. I can never forget her touch. I did not know at first that it had stretched out of its watery world to call me, but every time I left, I yearned for her. I need her.

The mouth of the Columbia. My Girl. My Woman. Soul of my Soul. Greenish blue sparkling churning black waters. I step out into the dark cold night, the sky dripping tears on me. I am hurt lost and forlorn. My feet tapping swiftly down wooden planks head bowed to avoid eye contact with others that might stroll this late at night. I need to talk with my mother. Near the rivers edge on the board walk I turn right and walk along past the flow of water. My thoughts hurtling forward incessantly like the waves. I do not look up until I am past the restaurants and shops, the people. On to where it gets dark. The lost place between the bits of waking world, this is where I turn and face her. Wind blowing what hair sticks out from my favorite hat. I look into the dark night. Across the water I see points of light. My eyes wander over the curves of the Washington shore.

With hands in my pockets, I shout

and sing to the water. I ask her questions. Her only answer; that all I need to know, I already know, and what I need to learn will come in its own time. Next to her I feel small and safe. My problems aren't so big after all. I also feel huge and strong, watching the tiny birds and fish, standing firm on the bank even though I am blown by the wind.

She offers a song back to me from the deep throats of our friends the sea lions, their deep resonant song vibrating into my chest. Bringing me home. Bringing me home into my own body. Reminding me that I am within myself. I am there and I can not be shattered. My hands may be chilly, my jeans may be wet, I feel cold even in my bones, but deep inside, the me that is I, is still burning bright.

I blink into the darkness surrounding her. I wipe the mix of tears and rain from my face. I smile out at the dark hills on the far side and the Red Barn out in the water to my right. Damaged like me, struggling to stay up. I say my good nights. I turn away from her with the thought that I will be surprised by her in the morning as I often am by her bright blue sparkling lights in the sunshine. How she can be sad with me and wake up so beautiful and happy. In the morning I will return to her and joyously sing her praises with the tap of my feet walking along her shore, enjoying another day of growth in her dominion.

Sometimes I forget she is there and I am stunned and awed by her expanse. I am shocked by her strength. The River is my mother. She guides me, she listens. When I am too far away she calls me home.

NORTHWEST CHORES

Jared Acuna

As storms have come and gone and left their marks
So each and every year has left their mess.
A tree fell near, a patch of land gone stark,
And even over there is new, now broken fence.
The rain has passed and days are clear and bright.
The gloves, not want, for all is dry and parched,
No mud or dirt is found on this old branch tonight
Because the rain has washed them clean and starch.
Tie them up and drag them across those rocks,
Throw boughs on the burning pile before night.
Tomorrow has come to the door and knock
With rainfall days looming in fullest sight,
That small and seldom costly paying price
For years on that edge of Pacific might.



Bird, Lily, Bee

Laura Ann Brooks



St. Ophelia's Fortunate Rescue

Royal Nebeker



The Lone Ranger, Tonto, and St. Ophelia

Royal Nebeker

DREAMS, CHANCE OCCURENCE, AND SAINT OPHELIA

Royal Nebeker

My work is an autobiography, often informed by my dreams. Like dreams, the process of painting presents me with symbolic imagery capable of extracting meaning from my life experience.

In addition to dreams, like many artists throughout history, I find inspiration in literature. Painting internalizes literary concepts and helps me apply them to find meaning in my personal experience. It was Shakespeare's search for meaning that led him to pen the words that begin the Danish Prince Hamlet's fourth soliloquy. With "To be or not to be, that is the question" he defined the ultimate existential quest long before it was codified as a philosophy. He continues in the soliloquy with Hamlet's exploration of fear of the absence of meaning. Fear that the very ignorance of and lack of control of the workings of fate in this life that make it so intolerable are likely to follow us into the next. Or in Hamlet's words, fear of "what dreams might come." This dream metaphor is particularly appropriate, owing to our perceived lack of control of dreams, accompanied by our reluctance to deem them void of meaning. Consistent with existentialism as the play progresses, it is only Hamlet's reverence and fear of the eternal, infinite and unknown that eventually leads him to empowerment through self awareness and the exercise of personal agency.

Another Dane, Søren Kierkegård, spoke to the same concern when he made the observation that "life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards." This insight could, with equal validity be applied to the act of painting as I experience it. The irony is that, while for me painting is a committed search for meaning, is initiated with rational intention and is concluded with intellectual evaluation, it only progresses through intuitive action. I can with certainty say that it is only upon completion of a painting that I understand the correctness of felt choices made along the way. As in life, when painting, I feel I dance with coincidence guided by chance occurrence, only to look back at the miraculous order of events comprising resolution at completion. In short, reason is impotent in the face of the complexity of existence I seek to understand through painting.

There are symbols that have the power to ignite vision. For me, Hamlet's Ophelia is such a symbol. This exhibit explores the space between Hamlet and Ophelia and while it would be tempting to identify with Hamlet, as he is "crawling between earth and heaven," I find his Kierkegårdian confidant, Ophelia the more powerful image. Her openness and intelligent response to every turn presented by fate makes her a symbol for creative practice of intuitive process. Though she seems forever acted upon in a patriarchal society, Ophelia's innocence is the only real model for redemption in this life. The hope I pursue in painting as well as in life lies in the wisdom of such innocence. An innocence that overcomes fear and allows the release that makes it possible "to sleep, perchance to dream."

UNTITLED

Patty Hardin

grandma's house
closer now
the scent of orange blossoms



Old Growth Cypress

Barbara Martin

FOR YOU

Claire Conklin

what a strange party
this is, that seats my tired body
alongside your impatient shell of hoped
absence

drinks are introduced by characters
in white shirts and with steady hands
i twirl mine, watching the red legs
linger like a ballerina
bored by intermission
but you fist your's
back, gaping lips and eager
eyes

or maybe it's just another ploy
to avoid smalltalk
politeness, after all, is the esteemed
guest at such gatherings

the feast appears nearly as beautiful
as the toast offered
by our godly host

"may your world and work
be half so decadent and enriching
as the collection of foods found
here"

we tip glasses with the man and woman
next to us
(they kindly pretend not to notice
the hollow sound
your empty vessel makes)
and i feel suddenly protective
as they share a supposed
secret glance, questioning your hedonism
as greed

this is a strange party--
i whisper across my colorful plate--
but i'm glad you're here with me.



Clouds over West Marina

Jamie Boyd

NO PLANS FOR DRAGONFLIES

Wren Andre

"You have to have a plan."

I glanced at Jeremy sideways. His profile was staring out at the Columbia River in a frown of seriousness. I tried not to laugh out loud and just shook my head to myself. How could anyone who was about to turn nineteen and was the Guitar Hero champ in our group look so serious?

"Did you hear what I said Ethan?"

I sighed and leaned back in the still damp grass of the hillside at the back of our old house, keeping myself propped up on elbows – a sort of regulation stance for aimless hanging out that we had adopted right around middle school. For once the wind wasn't blowing too hard off of the river, and once in awhile the sun made a quick appearance before disappearing back behind the typical cloud cover.

"Yes, Jeremy. You have to have a plan. See? I heard every word. Totally paying attention."

"Dude, I'm way serious here."

"Really?"

I couldn't control the sarcasm. Not that sarcasm was bad in and of itself – we were experts at wielding it on a continuous basis for all occasions. It was just that Jeremy was in one of his moods. The one that had been irritating the hell out of me since about 6 months before we graduated. It was as if he were having some sort of meltdown. He just wasn't as cool to hang out with any more.

"Hey. Go ahead and waste your life hanging around this town and getting nowhere. I'm not letting that happen to me. We've been buds for a long time, and I've just been trying to, you know, help you out. But whatever."

Now I really wanted to laugh. He had that lower lip thing going where he looked all pouty. It was the same look that used to work so awesomely on his mom at 10 years old when we wanted a ride somewhere, or 10 bucks for a movie. Those were the days that I missed. I knew he missed them too, but he refused to talk about it. That made me feel sad in a weird way. Not thinking about "those days," just that he didn't want to share the good memories with me. Sharing, even just talking about it, always made me feel good. He said that was a waste too, just a bunch of lame sentimental crap that didn't get you anywhere. That was his constant, unrelenting theme now – getting somewhere.

I thought about my 18 years so far. Nothing really stood out as being massively incredible, but it had been a good life so far. My mom and dad were still together, that was maybe a little unusual. My dad had worked at the lumber plant until they shut down a couple of years back, and my mom was a substitute teacher. It had been tougher since the plant closed down – we had some scary moments there where I thought we wouldn't have our house anymore – but my dad eventually got a job as a warehouse manager at the new giant hardware store that had gone in recently. I liked our house. It was wood, two stories, and had one of those cool "widow walks" at the top. Jeremy and I used to play up there a lot as kids. We were

pirates, or sea captains, or criminals hiding out. It was awesome.

Jeremy's mom had been divorced since he was 5 years old, and had worked at a series of random jobs of the kind you can expect without a specific career on the coast of Oregon. Her longest job had been in the last 4 years where she had worked at the same hotel in town as a housekeeper. They had also managed to stay in the same duplex for awhile without getting thrown out, so that was really good. Especially because of what he went through when he was younger.

He really never talked too much about that time, but just before we met in the second grade, he and his mom had been thrown out of wherever they had been living. So I guess they stayed at different motels for awhile, and I think he thought it was embarrassing. Then his mom met some guy while she was waitressing at a coffee shop, and they moved in with him. That only lasted a couple of years, but at least they were able to stay in a regular place from then on.

"Look man," said Jeremy at last, "I'm not trying to, you know, hassle you or whatever. I just know what it's like in this town."

"Uh, dude, I kinda grew up here too. I might know just a little bit about it. Besides, what is so incredibly different from any other town out there?" Jeremy could be such a know-it-all sometimes. He had definitely always been the instigator; the one that came up with the ideas that got me into even more trouble than him..

"I know, I know. What I mean is that you're not looking at the big picture. Like a lot of other people in a lot of other towns, too. That's what I mean. You have to have a plan."

We had had this conversation so many times it made me want to puke.

"I already told you," I said. "I have a plan. I like to draw, and maybe I'll do a graphic novel one day."

Jeremy made a dismissive noise. "That's not a plan dude. That's a goal. 'One day' and 'maybe' are not a plan. That's just some sort of vague thing; it still doesn't get you anywhere. What about money? Are you gonna live in your parents run-down old house forever?"

"Hey!" Now he was pissing me off. "At least my folks have a house." Ooh. Maybe that was uncool. But he was seriously making me mad.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I didn't mean that. I just wish you weren't so..." I wasn't very good at putting things into words, which is why he always got the best of me in these conversations. Also why they were so irritating. "...so, I don't know. Pushy."

"That's what you need man! You're just wasting away here. We graduated almost 3 months ago, and you're just working at the espresso shack for 10 hours a week at minimum wage, with no plans! Pretty soon, they'll be on winter hours, and you'll be lucky to get 5 hours! What the hell?"

"Dude. I'm 18 years old. Whaddya want from me? I never wanted to be a surgeon or a rocket scientist, and I don't want to be president. I just haven't figured my whole life out yet OK? And anyway, it's not as though there's any big hurry."

"That's what's wrong with everyone in this town. That's why I hate it here. No one has any ambition. They just live day to day, doing nothing."

I was moving from pissed off to something resembling massive rage.

"Doing nothing?" I said, my voice working it's way up to a yell. "How exactly is living life, having fun, hanging with my friends, whatever, doing nothing? I do stuff all the time! Sure, my job isn't what I want to do forever; it's what I'm doing now

I..." I had been on a roll, but his nasty look took the juice out of me.

"I have a plan." He said it in an almost mean way. "I am going to Portland with Sean."

"Sean's an idiot." I don't know why that came out, Sean was one of our gang. Except all of a sudden I felt something. It was like when something breaks and you can't change it. Something was changing and it made me feel bad.

"Sean's got a plan," said Jeremy, "And as I was saying, we're going to Portland next week. He has a brother who has a place there, and said if we help him out with rent, we can crash in his living room. We have it all worked out. With what I saved from helping my mom over the summer, we can go there, get jobs, and then during the winter session, I'm going to enroll in community college, live off student loans and get a degree in business. Eventually, I'll start my own business, no one telling me what to do, and then the dough will start rolling in, and I will forever be rid of this town."

The unwritten dude-rule of all time is that you never, ever cry in front of friends, for any reason. Ever. Yet, I could feel it coming, and I was turning beet red from holding it back. Thankfully, he thought I was just seething with anger, and didn't find me out.

"What?" he was waiting for my response. Why, I don't know. It sure seemed he didn't need me, the town where our friendship had begun and endured through years, what I still thought were awesomely fun times, or obviously his mom or anyone else. It didn't matter who he had his plans with, just as long as it was someone. It was getting all mixed up in my head. I couldn't tell if I felt betrayed, or jealous, or envious. I just wished this moment weren't happening at all.

Something flickered just outside my vision. I turned and saw a lone dragonfly rising up from the bottom of our hill, and starting to fly directly over us. I followed its flight path as it swerved jerkily, and then seemed to float toward my house. When I turned back toward the river, I saw a few more, and then many more. They all kept coming toward the house in droves; a seemingly endless parade of bluegray blurs. I had forgotten how they did that every year—was it always at this time? When I was little my mom would grab me and take me outside to watch them.

Sometimes it was drizzly when they made their mysterious journey, but we didn't care. Sometimes it was just cloudy like today with that ever-present chill coming off the river. I know there were plenty of years since then when I hadn't seen them. I hadn't really given it any thought. Maybe they weren't there or maybe I just stopped thinking it was so cool. I thought it was cool now.

"I'm outta here." And Jeremy was gone.

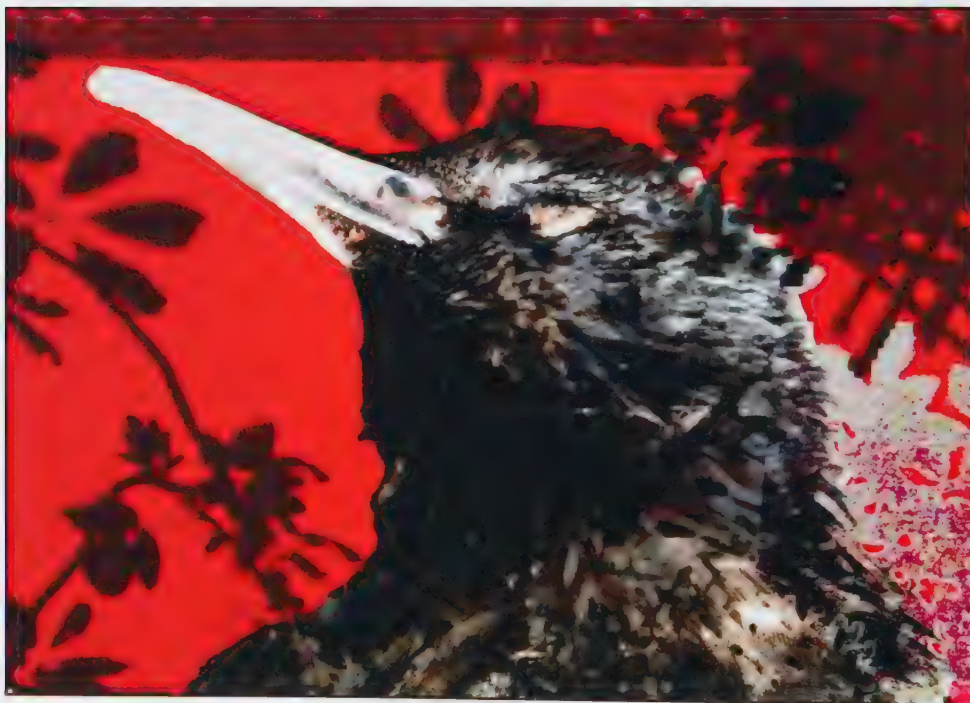
Jeremy's plan didn't work out. I'm not sure exactly what went wrong or when, but he and Sean weren't talking anymore. He came by just before Christmas to see me and tell me he had decided that his new plan was much better than the old one. This new plan also involved having his entire life mapped out with no room for error or lame-ass people from our lame-ass town.

In the meantime, I have a new job at a regular coffee shop that also sells books. I like it and the people. They're cool to hang out with. One is a writer, and said he'd like to work with me on a graphic novel because he's not very good at drawing, and I'm not very good at writing. So, we've come up with a couple of cool ideas, and are working on it. It's a goal.

THE BLOODIED CROW

Reba Owen

A bloodied crow lies on the pavement
shot in the head for singing.
Her silken wings are splayed on asphalt,
as if once again flying through clouds
of cherry orchards.
Wings soaring over drying wheat ,
hot and crackling with the static
of black crickets and cicadas.
Wings gliding down shafts of cold air
to an ear of corn, leftover in a field
powdered with the first snow.
Eyes now wet and filling with fluid,
like a warm rain remembered.



The Messenger

Dale Espelund

UNTITLED

Wendy Crim

The day you had school pictures
in a new brown cardigan
the rain wouldn't stop.

It was the day the gang of little girls
screamed, scaring the dog.

We put candles on the porch.
The day, today, I press fingers into
butter that's not really butter and feel the weight on me.

Today, like everyday, is like the day
we left; rusted miles falling out behind
us, beneath all the bad decisions and
sorrow and regret that pile up, like
empty moving boxes around the bones
of this house and the poorly constructed
fence around my heart.

The day you found a first boyfriend and
I knead the biscuits and needle you—
you growing up, rain falling, the little
girls, the dog—who's closer
to the ground.

The ground that I miss.
The ground that carried us here.
The ground we'll all be under one day—

Which will be somebody else's today.
I press into the butter again.
Harder.

CHANGED

Anya Arnon

I was born in a small town in Russia on July 24, 1988. I do not remember the name of the town. When I was still a baby, the police came and took my sister and me away from my birth mom. My sister, Elena and I were put in an orphanage where we lived for five years. I don't really remember it, but I do remember having the same thing for breakfast, lunch, and dinner which was rice, soup, and milk. I also remember the gum they made us chew. It was black tar. The kind that you smell when you are walking by and they are working construction. They said it would make our teeth better. I can still taste the tar in my mouth every time I walk by and the smell of tar engulfs my nose. My mouth suddenly tastes it. I also remember that you could not toss and turn in your bed and if you did, you were put into a corner for the night. For me, it was hard because I was always restless and always tossed and turned while I was sleeping, so I was always in the corner, in the cold. We never learned anything and we always played with the same toys over and over again.

While I was there, I always prayed that I would get picked. Finally, when I was five years old, my prayers were answered. We were standing around with our big bows and pretty dresses, waiting for the parents to come and look at us. As I was standing there, I was praying that I would get picked. I was looked at by my adoptive mom, and finally she chose me. First, she was going to just adopt me, but then she found out that I had a sister in the same orphanage and

adopted her as well. I was so happy that I was finally getting somewhere in my life. Then I realized that I was going to the United States. A place where everyone wanted to go too and I got lucky. The only thing I remember was the plane ride to the States and how I threw up when we were switching planes. I remember being in awe when I got to the United States. It was so different.

The first place I lived was San Francisco, California. When I first moved to this country, I did not speak a word of English. I was scared because it was a new country and they did not speak the same language I spoke. I was confused at first, but over time, I started to learn how to say certain words. My first word in English was, "Daddy." When I said it, my dad had been driving a very steep hill and suddenly drove very fast down it and up.

When I first came to this country, I felt like my mom and dad who had adopted me, wanted me. I was right for the most part. After a few years of being in San Francisco, my mom and dad started to fight more and more often. Finally after months of fighting, they decided to separate and then divorce. At first, I did not understand what happened. I thought everything was good. But over time, it got worse and worse and that's when my mom decided to move us somewhere else. My dad was being so negative all the time, my mom did not want to deal with it.

So one weekend, she took my sister and herself over to Washington and started looking for houses. After a few

weeks of searching, my mom found a house that she fell in love with. It was in a good area. It was far enough from an elementary school for me to walk there, and it was far enough from town so I could walk to and from it as well. It was in the middle of town, but not really in the middle at the same time. The house was a two-story house and had a back yard. The house was surrounded by evergreen trees giving it privacy.

So after my mom bought it, it was time for us to move. We packed everything and got into the car and started driving. Well, my mom started to drive.

My sister and I had our two dogs on our laps. We had Lucy, who was an English Springer Spaniel who was on my sister's lap. I had Heidi, who is a Lhasa Apso on my lap. Lucy was fast asleep because we had to tranquilize her because if we hadn't, she would be whining the whole ride there. Heidi was naturally quiet.

It took us five days to get to Washington. We were going to live on an island named Mercer Island. I had never even heard of it until then. First, I was upset at my mom because she was moving us to a strange town where I did not know anyone and where my dad would not be close to us. I was still trying to figure out what happened between my mom and dad. I blamed myself for everything that was going on with them. I thought they had wanted me and that's why they had come to Russia. To come

get me. But then I found out that my dad had not gone with my mom to come get me. I was shocked. I thought he was there, but he wasn't. I then started to think that maybe it was just my mom that had wanted me. But why would he say yes to her when she asked if he wanted children? I didn't understand and it hurt me that my dad did not want me.

My sister and I would go down to California to visit my dad every month and we always had a good time. My dad had started dating a woman, Nina, whom I really liked. She was always so nice to us and had always wanted us to

come visit. I was happy for my dad for finding someone else other than my mom. I wasn't really sure what to make of it however, but I knew that Nina would be a sweet stepmom if they decided to get married. However, over time and over the visits, my dad had changed. I don't know what happened, but

whatever did, I felt like he was not the same. He and Nina broke up and we stopped talking for the longest time.

Then I started to go through the toughest time of my life in high school. I lost two of my close friends to suicide and I fell into a depression. I started to take medications to try and help the depression. As a result I stopped doing the things I loved doing. I stopped going to my horseback riding lessons that I took every week, I stopped reading, I stopped writing, and I stopped hanging out with friends. I was just not there. I did not

He emailed me back saying he was sorry about what I was going through, but could not be my father except in the "legal sense." When I read this email, it felt like I got slapped in the face.

know how I made it through high school being the way I was.

I had emailed my dad asking for his help and what I could do. He emailed me back saying he was sorry about what I was going through, but could not be my father except in the "legal sense." When I read this email, it felt like I got slapped in the face. He was my father and he was supposed to love me no matter what. My heart was so broken that I fell into a deeper depression.

I lost lots of friends over the years of battling depression. As I got older and older, I started to realize that yes, my dad did not want me in the first place, but the only way he could get rid of me was by sending nasty emails saying he could not be my father except in the legal sense. Yes, that hurt me, but I realized that without my mom, I don't know what I would be doing now and I would not be here making my life better. Without my mother going all the way to Russia to get me, I would not be who I am today and without my dad doing what he did I would not be the strong person that I am today. I realized that I did not need my dad and that I had all the love I needed.

After I realized this, I started doing things I loved again. My depression left me and I became myself again. I made new friends in high school—best friends who I am so thankful for because without them, I would be lost. They led me to the path I am on today.

Everything I have been through in my life has shaped me. The things that my dad had done has changed me for the better, and without him, I would still be in a depression I probably would have never gotten over. Yes, what he did hurt me, but not as badly as he hurt my mom. My mom had to deal with it the most, and seeing her the way she was

upset me more than anything. My mom is the best person I know, and without her support and love, I probably would have gone down the same path as my sister. I probably would not be where I am today if everything that had happened did not happen. It is weird that everything has happened to me the way it did, but it did and it has changed me for the better and it has made me want to be better for my future, for my future kids, etc, etc.

This has taught me not to take things for granted and to make the most out of life. In the last year, my life has changed dramatically. I got accepted into Tongue Point Job Corps Center in August of 2009 and got into the Finance and Business vocation where I learned a lot. I met the most amazing people and the person who inspired me the most, was my vocational teacher, Mary Putnam. Without her support and love, I would have left and been back to working with food for the rest of my life. The friends I have made at TPJCC have also supported me and knew that I could do it and without them, I would have quit a long time ago as well. I totally and completely love my life now and would not change it for the world.



Dream Girl

Thaddeus Edman

WE MIGHT

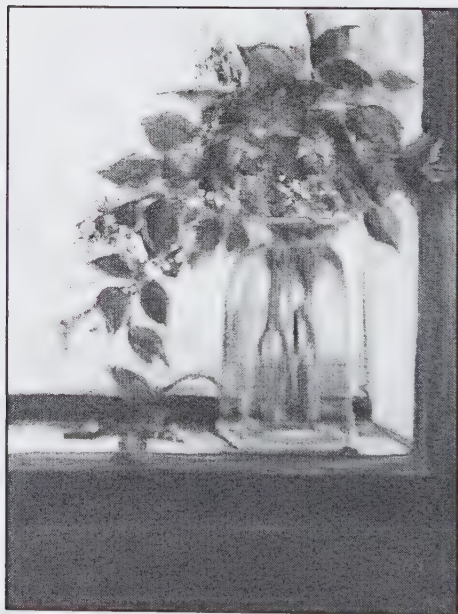
Jan Priddy

Instead of fading into death, we might fly
like silent angels blessing the dark.
Instead of vanishing like wisps of steam,

invisible in the dawn, drifting like motes
of water-doused campfires we've left behind
to sputter and cool, unattended, we might

pulse across the dark universe like stars
gone super nova. Instead of switching off
like ceiling lights, rooms darkened, we might blaze.

Imagine our stiff bones and sagging flesh,
struggling each step—all this work since infants
being born—that instead of falling, we rose.



Still Life

Marie Powell

SHOWS WHAT YOU KNOW

Lucy Mihajlich

When Jocelyn Berrigan came home from work, Brad Pitt was sitting in her father's La-Z-Boy. It was the only thing she had kept when she and her brother finally got around to selling the house. She had all these memories of sitting in her father's lap while he read outloud from *Faust*. She had to fight the sudden urge to sit in Brad Pitt's lap.

"What are you doing in my apartment?"

"You invited me." Her favorite afghan was wrapped around his shoulders. It had a pattern of dogs on it.

"No," she said. "Seriously. What are you doing here?"

"I don't know. Maybe you've been watching too much *Fight Club*. *Seven*. *Inglorious Basterds*."

Jocelyn kicked off her shoes, and dropped her purse on the coffee table.

"If you dust in a circular motion, you won't leave streaks," said Brad Pitt, looking at his reflection in the polished surface of the tabletop.

"You can clean my apartment if you want to," said Jocelyn. She stepped over the DVD cases that littered the floor. She hadn't been expecting company. Her father had taught her that it's polite to call before you visit someone.

"If you weren't expecting company, then why aren't you surprised to see me?" he asked, straightening the magazines on the coffee table. He stacked *Star* on top of *People*. He paused and touched his jaw. "What happened to my beard?"

"You look better without it." Jocelyn left Brad Pitt frowning at his reflection and went into the kitchen. She plugged in the *Mr. Coffee*. "Do you want to watch a movie?" she called.

"No need to yell." The voice came from directly behind her, and when she turned around she saw Brad Pitt leaning against the stove.

"Shows what you know," she said.

"What do you want to watch?"

"*The Sixth Sense*."

Brad Pitt pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger. Jocelyn didn't know people did that in real life.

"This isn't a movie," said Brad Pitt. "If it was a movie, it wouldn't be *The Sixth Sense*. I'm not a ghost."

"Whatever," she said, but while Brad Pitt was watching the scene with the factitious disorder, she turned on the computer and checked a couple of fan sites to make sure he hadn't overdosed, or died in a freak sound boom accident or something.

"I told you, I'm not a ghost," he said, without taking his eyes off of Mischa Barton.

"How did you know what I was doing?" asked Jocelyn.

"I'm an anthropomorphic manifestation of your psychological issues. I know

everything you know."

She crossed her arms in front of her chest. "That's funny. I didn't think I knew the word 'anthropomorphic.' If you know everything I know, then what am I thinking right now?"

"You're imagining me naked," said Brad Pitt. "Again."

She let her arms drop to her sides. "Good guess."

Jocelyn sat on the arm of her father's La-Z-Boy, because even if Brad Pitt was an anthropomorphic manifestation of her psychological issues, she wasn't going to sit in his lap.

"Why did you decide to grow a beard?" she asked. Brad Pitt shrugged. Jocelyn said, "I don't like men with facial hair. I think that's why I just can't buy into Christianity. Also, the father thing."

"You know why I stopped going to church?"

"Why?"

"The Second Coming," Brad Pitt shook his head. "Think of all the jokes. I couldn't stop laughing."

"And another thing. Cleanliness isn't next to godliness. Godliness is dirty work. Hiking through deserts. Martyrdom. Crucifixion. It isn't cleanly at all."

"Maybe all that stuff isn't godliness."

Jocelyn laughed. "What do you know? You're just an actor. God is making everything up off the top of his head. His characters are flat, he has continuity issues, and he needs a ghost writer."

"Jocelyn," said Brad Pitt.

"Ghost writer," she laughed again. "Get it?"

"I told you, I'm not a ghost."

She ignored him. "You know God told them not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge because he really wanted them to. It's like reverse psychology. It's like *Fight Club*, when you told them not to talk about *Fight Club*. You really wanted them to, so you could start Project Mayhem."

"I told you, this isn't a movie."

"I know that. If it were, I would be better looking."

"I give up," said Brad Pitt. "I can't work under these conditions."

"I thought you said this wasn't a movie."

"It isn't a good movie. Roger and Ebert do not give it two thumbs up. They're using another finger entirely."

Jocelyn ignored him and turned around to face the TV. She'd missed her favorite part of *The Sixth Sense* when she was browsing Brad Pitt's fan sites. She sat down on the floor, aimed the remote at the TV and pressed the play button.

"Goodbye, Jocelyn" said Brad Pitt, and for some reason, he adopted his character's Tennessee accent from *Inglorious Basterds*.

Jocelyn pulled her favorite afghan off of her father's La-Z-Boy, and draped it over her head so that she could see the TV screen through the loose weave, but Brad Pitt couldn't see her.

"I never invited you," she said into a knitted dog. When she woke up the next morning, Brad Pitt was gone and she was late for work.

ON A WINDY AFTERNOON

Aulden Schlieff

On a windy afternoon she blew into town from the east up Commercial, the wrong way on a one way although, she said, "It isn't the wrong way. It's the opposite way. There is no wrong way."

She swept through the coffeehouses to properly caffeinate herself: seven lattes in six coffee shops in five blocks. She said, "There is not enough espresso in this town." She was definitely serious.

Under the influence she announced, "I am the archetypal figure of death. You will fear me until you make love to me." Then she asked, "You want to buy one of my zines?" I bought three.

Transforming herself into air, she filled the atmosphere of every gallery and restaurant. The paintings she viewed came to life, marching around the sidewalks. They were still in the frames, goose-stepping.

The restaurant cuisine nearby her awoke and danced around the tables: salmon and rice pilaf. I asked her, "If you are death, why is it everything around you comes to life?" She laughed and said, "Yes, why is that?"

She was still partying on the corner of 11th after I said goodnight. When she left town I wouldn't have noticed, except the wind finally settled. That's how it is when she goes away.



Katie's Gear

Kirsten Horning

MY DRAMATIC FLOWER

Madison O'Bryant

Once when I was young
I trusted the world.
I had yet to pick the key of secrets
that swung so easily
against Lie's chest.
Yet did I have to discover,
the way in which curiosity
could be more than just that thirst
for knowledge, and
more like a spider hidden
under your covers
nipping at your legs every night
demanding to be found and
brought out to be read,
in pure yellow light.

I was like the fern
outside in your garden.
Your tender care
teaching me the ways to breathe.
somehow though, I grew too fast,
life moved on, and your caring
became a pair of shears
to trim me back
when I grew towards an
unpleasing pattern.

I blame myself
for wishing to grow beyond the fence.
I began to curl around my thoughts
and locked up
every detail tight.
creating secrets
became the game
I played to keep things out of sight.

Then one day
a shaking crack crippled my roots.
the tree with twisted sad boughs
had fallen—and fallen hard.

I remember being dug up
and placed in store bought soil
in a pot.

I saw more of the world
I had ever hoped to see
and each place
tainted my leaves
with just a little more bitterness.

Beginning with Tuesday
I fell in love with a weed
and read its seeds like pages
chapter by chapter,
just to learn to see.
I kept away from your green thumb
realizing in how many ways
you discouraged love.

Secrets made me harsh
made me wish up reasons
to grow away from you
away from everything I knew.
I began to take no notice
in my green eyes wilting to brown,
my mind loosing will to
focus
on anything but me
and where I lost my name
in this confusing insanity.

Rotten and alone
I know not what became of myself
but I'm finding in this dirt a future
withought much hurt.

For now I'll feed my soul
into a gardener
and give nothing but my best
to take this pain
away from you.

Hoping it's not to late
to tend to and nurture you,
for truly,
my flower,
I love you, I love you.



Self-Portrait

Kristin Shauck

PEACH

Laura Anne Brooks

I handed you a sweet fruit,
a clingstone, whose fuzz I had long trained
so tendrils looped around each ear
and you gave me back the stone.

a crippled peach with more pustules
and a loud wheezing warranting
from each crisp chamber of pit
until its pure stone poured forth.

It is a wonder anything grows here –
maple trees planted in plastic cups
arranged in woven baskets of mowed-
down feelings made public – and what words!

Words writhing with curled serpents;
the boys' snakes of toy balloons sliding up
each vowel – o by naughty o – shut
up with pinched air each utterance

and scrawl until the lines can be
managed and color reined in and I
preferred the pictures wild – the
abstract watercolors done in the kitchen.

Now, the neat hair has done it.
He is perfected and yellow, outlined
in some black artist's lines
with a haircut to match his attitude

alerting other males that he is king of
the shrub. The yellow mane once hanging
from fruit is velvet again and the yellow flesh
coarsens underneath his red freestone face.

OUTRAGE

Dave Densmore

At the turn of the last century whole families immigrated to Astoria and surrounding areas to fish the abundant salmon runs of the Columbia River. Finland and Yugoslavia were the main contributors to this migration of fishing families. These families went on to produce not only commercial fishermen, but doctors, lawyers, teachers, builders and store owners as well. I believe it is nearly impossible to calculate the value of those educations provided by the incomes from commercial fishing the Columbia River.

Despite the best efforts of some good fisheries managers keeping a watchful eye, the fish runs have declined to a mere anemic fraction of themselves. I can not understand why everyone involved in any way with our river doesn't feel a sense of outrage. The primary indicators of a healthy river, the strong salmon runs, and consequently the healthy commercial fisheries are all but dead. The people that harvest the salmon runs, who actually have the most to lose from declining runs, are being systematically put out of business by special-interest groups, with their own narrow agendas.

Think about those salmon for a moment: not just the money they generate, but the fish themselves. Once caught, where do they actually go? Most sport and commercial sport-caught fish go into home freezers of the people catching them. The commercial fishermen are prevented by law from taking any of their catch home for private use. This is a public resource and as such, every fish

must be sold to a processor who then sells it to a wholesaler. From the wholesaler, those fish are sold into restaurants and retail outlets all across the country—a public resource being made available to the general public.

The commercial fishermen did not decimate the salmon runs; although to hear the special-interest groups' spin, it certainly sounds that way. There were many contributing factors, but I believe the main culprit was the dams. Their implementation caused the loss of natural spawning grounds and habitat as well as the swiftly flowing, highly oxygenated cool water the fingerlings need.

We can not take out the dams; having created a new order we must now live with it. We need the power they generate. The upriver farmers need the irrigation water for their own economic reality and survival. As I see it we have two choices: we either come together as a people to figure out how to make a workable balance for each of our interests and nature, or we continue to squabble amongst ourselves and watch all we hold precious and lifegiving slowly slip away to the point of no return. Instead of continuing to fight each other over dwindling salmon stocks or tilting at the windmills of the dams, we should be standing together—sport, commercial—sport, commercial fishermen and the farmers—to force our government to address these problems.

I find it outrageous that we squander billions of dollars continuing to embroil ourselves in other people's wars, and spending additional billions bailing

out high-end banks and businesses that have simply been mismanaged to the point of bankruptcy. We have so many pressing needs right here in our own country, much of which can be traced right back to runaway unemployment. How many jobs could be created by building properly working fishways and ladders, removing the dams that are only marginally producing power or irrigation reservoirs, and cleaning up and restocking the once thriving spawning streams?

Granted it wouldn't be enough to cure the national problem, but it is a desperately needed start.

Where is the righteous indignation? Where is the outrage that our public re-

sources are being stripped and depleted as if there's no tomorrow? A cliché, it's true, but just think about it for a moment.

Where are the buffalo? Where are the great old-growth forests? Where are the salmon? How many species have gone extinct in just the last one hundred years? It's been said, "As the other species go, so goes man." Granted, the salmon are a very small facet of our problems, but if we work together to fix this problem, who knows how much power we may discover within our collective selves. Every voyage starts with that first step aboard.



Saddle Mountain

Kim Taylor

STORYTELLER

Dave Denismore

You might be eating on food stamps
Or otherwise on the dole.
Drink, ill-health, or even just time
May have taken its toll.

You may be beat, scared and battered,
Thought to be slightly mentally unsound,
But for a time when you tell your tale
The swashbuckler comes back around.

Cause you have a story to tell,
A fine tale to weave,
And for that little span of time,
Troubles just up and leave.

Both yours and the listeners' fade
So open up and share that time,
Tell it straight or dress it up,
Or even put it out there in rhyme.

You had the adventure, you have the scars
You're the one that was out there,
Now you're warm, dry, and safe,
But take us back when you would share.

I wonder how many grand adventures told
Were the lone high point of a life lived hard and rough
May have been just an accident of fate,
For some, that one would be enough.

But for me I have to have it all:
Adventure or disasters, just adrenaline unending,
I'll stand tall and take it all,
Though all that's left is pride unbending.

That adventure and the tale offsets
All other worldly strife.
The telling and the sharing,
That is the silver coin of life!

CLOSET SANCTUARY

Daisy Pikop

I found comfort in my little closet; it was my shelter from my parents' fights, name calling, and violence. The smell of mothballs, old shoes, and salt from my tears would fill the tiny space.

Preparing for the night, I rounded up pillows and old patched quilts from the attic used to make my bed. While in my closet I could dream of a better place. A flicker of a candle would help me keep an eye out for spiders, mice, and even monsters. A small green shelf I had made out of wood and nailed on the wall had food, drinks, my walkman, and favorite CDs. Beadboard walls surrounded me. Pictures of places I dreamed of traveling to covered the walls. A small hole in the floor of the closet gave me a sight on the mood my parents were in downstairs. The hole in the floor also helped me know when dinner or breakfast was ready because I could smell the food. When my mother started cooking I knew it was safe to leave my safe zone because she only would cook when she was happy. My closet became my sanctuary.



Vetch with Dew

Therese Langevin-Frech

UP MY ALLEY

Robert J. Brake

I miss alleys. Where I live—on the Long Beach peninsula in southwest Washington—there are plenty of streets, places, and drives, but the unpaved, uneven, pock-marked alley is almost nowhere to be found—unless we consider the surface of some of our streets and drives as “alleys.” Yet alleys are a mainstay of America’s urban landscape.

An alley is like a good butler who makes his services available when you need them, blending into the background. The electric poles, sewage connections, and gas and water lines typically are located in the alleys of many cities and towns.

And when those utilities require repair, the workers and their vehicles don’t have to block the street in front of your house. If your garage entry is from your alleyway, you don’t have to lose precious space in the front yard to a doublewide driveway. In fact, you don’t need a fancy garage because guests and visitors can’t see it from the sidewalk.

Yes, I miss alleys. I grew up in a small town—Jamestown, North Dakota. The alley behind our house on Sixth Avenue Southeast was an extension of our backyard. It was the perfect place to leave an old barbeque or a couple of rust-laden folding chairs.

If a neighbor tore out an old toilet from his remodeled bathroom, he could deposit it in the alley for the garbage collectors to pick up, rather than leave it near the front sidewalk for his neighbors to inspect.

As a grade school student in Jamestown, I used to cut through several

alleys on the way to school, sharing my favorite shortcuts with dogs and cats, which wandered about the small town searching for their friends and enemies. Together we kept the original meaning of the word “alley” intact, because in medieval France *allee* meant, “walking street.”

Dad parked our Chevrolet in the garage by the alley. Our burn barrel and junk rested near the alley. We put our used paper, cardboard, and plastic packaging in that ancient container, which had lost its original color and acquired the orange-red tones of a hardened life.

After lighting the contents, we had to watch for a short while, in case the wind might catch a scrap of burning paper and toss it on some dry grass. The sight of flames leaping in that old barrel could spark my mind, but the smell of plastic wrap always made my nose hairs curl.

I learned to ride my first bicycle in the alley, needing only one afternoon to do it. Despite some bumps and bruises, that was some feat—considering the uneven surface.

The hoop on my neighbor’s garage didn’t pose any particular problems to a game of basketball, but the alley sure did. Before I could dribble, I had to smooth the gravel as well as I could by dragging my shoe over the surface and casting aside the larger stones.

Ruts and potholes could affect the strategy of the game. We alley players tried to work with inside knowledge of the court, and uneven ones had their advantages.

My alley was really packed with gravel. It still amazes me how weeds and bits of grass could poke their way through.

The alley also provided a nice shortcut to Coulsen's Grocery. Mom would give me a five dollar bill and a grocery list and I dashed out the back door to the alley, hung a right along the alley for about 25 yards, then a left turn to Archie's store. It all took about a minute.

It was a safe trip and, if the groceries were too heavy for a small boy to transport, Archie brought them over—through the alley, of course.

My family once lived in an apartment fronting an alley. Our actual mailing address had a one-half in it—something like 718 1/2 Ninth Street

Northwest. The place was nicely furnished but failed to impress my friends, who just couldn't believe that I lived in an alley.

To them, as to most suburban Americans nowadays, an alley is a dark, unkempt, sinister place. Alleys conjured images of broken streetlights, cobblestones, the poor, and the Mafia.

The sound of car tires over crushed rock is one that you rarely hear in a big city—unless you have an alley. And when I was a child, waiting for my parents to return home, that crunchy sound was mighty comforting.

Sure, you can love your Gasoline Alleys, Tin Pan Alleys, and maybe your bowling alleys. But I miss the real alleys in my hometown.



Pilings at Sunset

Danielle Stevens

DRIVEN

Dale Flowers

1925

Table legs gave out a short screech. Kitchen chairs jostled. Lurching like stiff legged ponies, they galloped across the worn linoleum. What was the source of all the pent up frustration? From a long forgotten embattled band or tribe, or perhaps fleeing war torn Poland and Germany? The stampede was on, jumping forgotten hurdles over worn, chipped linoleum.

"Pop, calm down," grimaced the teenager.

His hands held tightly to his father's wrist, keeping the kitchen knife at bay. But the middle aged man couldn't calm down, not quite yet. The legs of a kitchen chair weren't done rattling across another two feet of floor. Father and son continued their awkward dance. Hands to wrists, they did the two-step as another chair accompanied them its wooden seat pressing against the back of the man's leg.

Was it really just another ancient rush from the deep past? Did it really matter?

His wife clutched her green apron tight to her waist. She used her only weapon, fear. She shot it at him with her wide-eyed look in need of being saved. The insult boiled him over. Her son Landy, to the rescue, his strong adolescent hands held tight to his father's wrists. Now it was Landy's turn to grip tight to his father's past. Inheritance was like that. Rage was like that, beautiful, beautiful rage. Without it, his father would have been lost, unrecognizable. And for Landy, how else was he to bond with his father? With it they could soar away, almost breaking free. But not quite before gravity dragged them back down. With one good shove, Landy plopped him unceremoniously into the chair, and dear old Dad found his place, sitting beneath the glare of a dangling bare bulb. Exhaustion started its inevitable seep. Landy stood above the drunken, middle-aged man, still locked to his wrists.

"Just take it easy, Pop. Won't ya?"

It was an absurd request. And yet, an exhausted breath was slowly hoisting up the white flag.

Landy easily removed the serrated knife from his father's hand and placed it on the kitchen table.

Landy had known by his father's unshaven look and the smell of alcohol a rough night was ahead. He hated the look, rough and unkempt, bristling with aggravation. He detested it more than the smell of liquor. It was what he had noticed first, before the faint whiff of alcohol accompanied his father's staggering entrance, the screen door banging. It was the bristles of his phalanx which meant trouble when getting close. Father and son's ancient dance, in face, had once been performed around campfires, before there were boots, before there were sandals, where bare feet stomped and flames licked the night sky with a frenzied presence. Now with civilization, where else could it be performed but around the kitchen table?

His father turned towards the table. He draped his arms over his head that came to rest on the table. Landy looked down at his father, but what could not be seen was the stampede coming right for him. With each passing year their bond strengthened. From the ashes of ancient campfires their hearts had been forged together.

Every Sunday Landy took his family on their traditional drive. He was clean shaven with a crisp white shirt that fit loosely over his barrel chest. Driving through St. Louis County, he slowed for a stop. His thoughts surfaced with an irritation, his foot tapping the aging accelerator. The carburetor, eager to stall, was a constant source of aggravation. With each sputtering hesitation, the toe of his shoe provided a relentless tap. A billboard of a bottle of Southern Comfort, with its icy beads of condensation, irritated him like late night sweat. Booze, Landy thought, tapping the gas pedal to sustain the carburetor's life. He never touched alcohol himself, even when offered a beer by friends. His family would never have to worry about a knife threatening drunk. Landy's attacks were always verbal, harsh, slashing things that cut.

Landy's cart approached a red light. His right foot tapped again. The car trembled up the hill. His wife sat in the front with their six year old son, Dell, in between. Their eight year old daughter, Charmy, sat in the back. Dell was staring out the driver's side window. He was fascinated by a metallic gray contraption that sat on the sidewalk by a traffic light.

When Dell walked home from grade school a swirl of autumn leaves spun around his ankles. He shoved his hands deep into the pockets of his jacket, protecting his fingers from the autumn chill. On the corner of Gravois and Delores Bevo Mill, a restaurant stood in the shape of a windmill. For an authentic look it was made of white masonry stones complete with huge wooden lattice blades permanently frozen in place. Dell's older sister had explained how the wind made a windmill's blades turn. This perplexed him, those blades never budged. He wondered how strong the wind had to be before they moved. That day the blades never caught his attention, but next to Bevo Mill on the sidewalk sat a strange sheet metal box. About the size of a small refrigerator, it was waist high with a tall stove pipe that ascended to eight feet. It seemed out of place with everything else on Gravois. The traffic made sense. The storefronts made sense. Even the windmill that never turned made more sense than this gray metal contraption. He watched it for almost half a minute. It did nothing. The image played with his lack of understanding, but its meaning was pending...

...Looking out the driver's side window, Dell examined another metallic object. Smoke was funneling out of the stove pipe. A newspaper boy stood there warming himself as he fed another piece of cardboard into it through an open metal door. Suddenly, Dell, excited with the discovery, exclaimed, "Look! It's for burning!"

"SHUT UP," roared Landy, still struggling with the Chevy.

"Landy!" scolded Dell's mother, using the first name rarely used around the children. Her son leaned toward her, his head sinking into the protective next of her lap. She placed her hand on his head, her fingers coming to rest on the curve of his forehead. He lay there, staring at the Chevrolet insignia fastened over the car's radio. His eyes traced the curves of the polished metal, his father's reprimand, now a quiet glimmer.

The vehicle crossed the intersection, and the family resumed their Sunday outing. Landy enjoyed investigating the peripheral areas of St. Louis County. Moving down Chippewa Boulevard, the urban spread showed itself off with new construction, sprouting up along their meandering path.

"Look there, Mom," remarked Landy to his wife, Ginny drawing her attention towards a new A&P grocery market. It stood there, inviting as a work of art. "Look at all that parking. That's the way the go."

Ginny looked with supportive interest. Her hand pressed against the blond cowlick of her son's head. Landy had entered the grocery business in his own modest way. He had

started with one small neighborhood store and would soon be opening a second. But it was the supermarket that made his eyes flash with envy, or as he put it: "That's where it's at, Mom."

Dell surfaced from his mother's lap in search of the parking lot. His head appeared above the passenger side window. A splash of sunlight stung his eyes, its warmth lapping over the side of his face. He squinted, viewing the panorama that danced by the window.

The family car, now warmed up, moved through St. Louis County no longer in need of coaxing by a nervous foot. The Chevy rolled smoothly through a Sunday of soft hills and deciduous trees.

On Monday morning Landy foot tapped nervously, the tension traveling down his leg and into traffic. A frenzied state possessed him as his foot beat out a primitive rhythm for every twist and turn of the street. The residential limit of 25 MPH gave way to the 40 MPH dash to work. He understood the value of time. As owner and manager of a neighborhood grocery, using time efficiently was a commodity; like a stack of soup cans, nothing could be out of place. It was the driving force propelling him to the top of a residential hill on Hampton. He knew just how to avoid the morning congestion that lay in ambush.

Letting up on the gas, Landy arrived at the main intersection still ahead of the mob. He felt a sense a relief as he pulled into the intersection. Pushing the accelerator halfway down, he concentrated on the distant green light ahead. One block remained when it blinked out, replaced by yellow. His foot went to the floor, the car lurched towards the intersection. The red light blinked on, signaling a full minute lost while the intersecting hordes rolled by with indifference.

"Damn it... Damn it Joseph to Mary," scorned Landy, braking to a stop. He always started with the lesser saints. "Thank You—God damn You!" Having reached the top of the list, he blasted his Creator. Running the rapids of the east bound lane left little time for introspection. Security always remained just out of reach. In his peripheral vision, traffic was piling up on the inside lane. He immediately adjusted the pressure of his foot. Turning his head slightly to the left, he tried to catch a hint of yellow on the opposing traffic light. It dangled from a thick black wire some twenty feet up, taunting him. He squinted, revving the engine. No morning competitor would rob him.

At work, Landy surrendered to efficient friendliness. His cheerful behind-the-meat-counter look was appreciated by the regulars. From seven in the morning to five in the evening, not a tremor disturbed the discipline of a man who understood the value of good customer-relations. All of the day's frustrations were held in check until reaching the Chevy. When the work-day ended, money was placed in a cast iron safe, and apadlock napped into place on the front door of Landy's Food Saver. There was nothing left to do but to race home.

Ginny stood by the stove tending to the breaded pork chops that sizzled and popped in the frying pan. Landy's car pulled to a quick stop in the driveway. She glanced out the kitchen window confirming his arrival. A snarling speck of hot grease struck her wrist. She tensed, rubbed the spot while watching Landy from the kitchen window. She focused on the pork chops as Landy opened the door. He blew through the kitchen bumping a chair out of the way with his hip.

"How was your day?" she asked, clutching her green apron tight to her waist.

UNTITLED

Keyaho Rohlf

love, out here in the tranquil night,
sitting alone on the beach, I could be
a shell in the sand, waiting, for your hand.
all is absence and vast unknowing.
in this place time is for only nothing.
asleep in its hammock low on the horizon
a crescent moon idles away infinities
of silence and shadow. even the ocean
only whispers. Small waves silhouette one
soft, almost imperceptible moment.
each breath is a solitude
encircled by the dark
distances of an effortless patience.
all is void and abiding stillness.

and yet my soul is turning
like a wheel, luminous as a comet, and
reaching, reaching for something so beautiful
and compelling it must bring about
its own existence.

for as I now think of you, longingly,
this universe of ours becomes
a brilliant, incomprehensible vineyard
of starlight. swirling verdant galaxies
weave into my hair. dangling constellations,
divine flesh ripening, drip their glistening
sweetness onto my salt-scented skin,
and sublime aromas of bliss grace the evening.
what more in such a sacred manner can I do
but harvest these overflowing stars for the wine
to be shared at the banquet of your returning
home, to these wet sands,
and a lone man reaching out to you with
a shimmering glass of god.

RUNNING IN THE DARK

Jan Priddy

When we can in the winter, my husband and I wait to run until after the sun is up. On a clear and icy holiday Thursday, we chose to go up Shingle Mill Road. I think Gary had 3 miles in mind, and I was hoping for 4 or maybe 5 somehow. It would at least be flat and we often choose to run fast laps on the flat. But at the east end of Shingle Mill, he suggested that instead of turning we head up the logging road. This is gravel, rough and very steep in places, and because I wanted the distance I kept urging we go a little further and a little further. We were climbing a mile or so east and north and took the northwest fork because it was level. An elk crossed in front of us, turned back and four elk crossed. Gary was eager to turn for home right then, but we didn't, and pretty soon he said let's see how far we can go, so we kept on going up and up, so far away from anything that we couldn't even hear the ocean and then we came out at the north end of Arch Cape, two miles north of where we started after four miles on logging roads, and there was the ocean far below. It was a challenging 7 miles, our last run of 2010. We ran New Year's day, too, just 3 miles. The next day we went out again in the dark because Gary had to work at 8 a.m.

I enjoy running in the dark. My first experience running in the dark was during the Hood to Coast which I ran from 1996-2000. The Hood to Coast is a 197-mile relay from Mt. Hood to Seaside. Twelve runners on a team each run three legs. The course has changed

slightly over the years, but when I was running, I was always first out of the second van—the number 7 runner. The first year I began a 6-mile leg in 96° heat, so by the time I got to the second leg in the middle of the night—also 6 miles and rated “very hard”—I was grateful for the cool temperatures, and soon found that I liked the quiet and solitude. I switched off my mandated flashlight when there was no one in sight (strictly forbidden) and ran in moonlight. My footfall was light on the pavement and no one was there to see if I gave myself a half minute walk on one of the steeper parts. I could see well enough not to trip over my own feet, and even though the team vans are always on the course someplace, the trees around me gave the illusion of privacy.

My last leg was rated “moderate” and was only a little over 4 miles. This leg had a steep climb right near the end that always threw me, but then I was done. Altogether I'd run 16 miles. I have to count my medals to be certain I ran this event five times. The first year I stepped in for a woman who was pregnant and the team captain refused to update the team to include my name, even though I offered to pay for it. There's probably a place you can look these things up, so that's why I mention it. My team was School Runnings, the only entirely local team from Seaside and made up of Seaside School District personnel. Every year I hoped to run faster than I had the year before. Sometimes I did. It took me four years to figure out how to manage the event without blisters. The

last year my son Alan got to run it with me, stepping in, as I had, for someone unable to participate. There was a terrible moment when he was about to go out for his last run and I realized he'd never looked at maps of his legs.

"Do you know how long your next leg is?"

"No," he said, looking up from tying his shoe. "Why?"

"It's 8 miles."

He sucked his lips. He'd never run that far before. But he did it. Like the other two legs, he just took the course as it came, running until someone reached for the baton to continue with the next leg.

It's been ten years, but when we drive into Portland and I see Mt. Hood way off to the east, I am still amazed that we ran all that way, twelve of us, taking turns. We ran from that mountain all the way to Portland and through it and then all the way home, right down to the beach in Seaside. I can see it so far off and wonder at our efforts from a Friday morning to Saturday. You find out things about yourself, about other people, when you work that hard alone and as

"We egg each other on, and often run better and further together than we ever would have alone."

part of a team.

Even now I treasure the self-contained experience I have on a run. It's true Gary and I and our dog Yeti run together and we're usually very close together throughout our runs. We egg one another on, and often run better and further together than we ever would

have alone. But alone I sink into my own thoughts, allowing the surroundings to create a world. My body finds its rhythm of breath and footfall; my arms do their work; my brain turns ideas over and over. Even in the dark, there's a great deal to be discovered.

An anthropologist once told me that the Australian aborigines see the passage of time differently from the way we typically do in the west. Westerners believe we are marching purposefully into the future—our eyes steady on the path in front of us. The aboriginal view is that we face our past, and walk blindly backwards into the unknown. I like the metaphor. We see our pasts, the troubles and triumphs we have already faced. We can't know what's coming. Maybe like Alan, we'd be better not knowing. We are all running in the dark—and perhaps running with invisible scissors too—charging off, doing the best we can, not sure where we're headed or confident of our ability to overcome obstacles in our paths.

Two-third of the way through our Thursday run, we found ourselves high above Arch Cape, the trees cleared to the south and west, the sky blue and clear of clouds. The forest and ocean and cape below us. We'd never looked at our home from so high, and there was, in fact, no sign at all of us—no houses or roads other than the rough logging road on which we stood. We paused and admired hemlock, spruce, cedar, sand, rock, water, and distant horizon. After that moment we ran downhill for several minutes until we reached the highway. From there we turned home, feeling the cold and distance in our legs, but also feeling stronger than we had at the start because we finally, at least for the time being, knew where we were headed.

KIENHOLZ HOMAGE

P.S. Gibson

my genre is gathering the leftover
leftout discarded refuse
society's remainders

you may call it garbage
you would be wrong
it's archaeological evidence

what we throw out says more about
us than what we keep

dawn sheds lavender on possibilities
early morning dumpster dive
fastidious perusal

the salvation army and
goodwill rejects, shopping preferences
the ripped the torn the faded

gluing sawing nailing screwing
hammering joining parts unwanted
constructing a whole

I am picking myself up along the roadside
using the detritus to forge anew

I am barbed wire
and copper, cotton string and driftwood
bottle caps and tupperware

pink flamingos and broken jewelry
cranberry and lime afghan
crocheted potholder and stirrup

I am assemblage

GLORIOUS MORNING

Daniel Millard

Misty fog rising
From shadows of
Living trees reflecting
Off glossy ponds
Where birds
Land for rejuvenation



Untitled

Barbara Martin

THEY DON'T HAVE TO COME BACK

Michael Paul McCusker

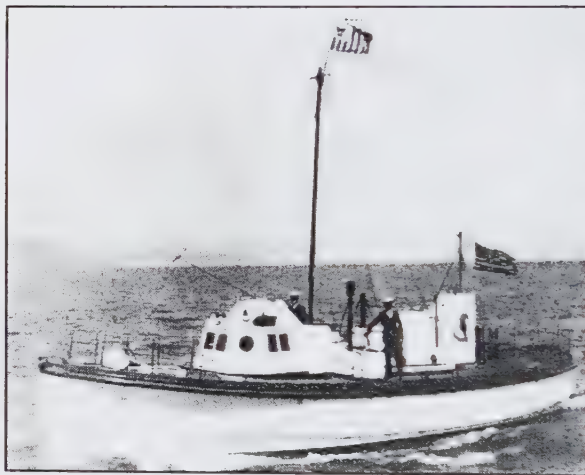
The Columbia River Bar is the place where the River of the West and the mighty Pacific Ocean meet, with dramatic and often violent results. Hundreds of ships and boats have been lost on the bar. Seafarers and river-cruisers have lost their lives by the score. Mariners call it the Graveyard of the Pacific.

The U.S. Coast Guard is required to respond to every maritime distress signal along this rough stretch, no matter what weather or time of day. They have saved countless numbers of vessels and lives—an average of 600 persons a year on the lower Columbia alone. They are ordinary men and women who take extraordinary risks in small boats and aircraft. Most of the time they get back safely, but sometimes their luck runs out. One January night fifty years ago, the Columbia River bar claimed the lives of five Coast Guardsmen and two ocean fishermen they attempted to rescue. Three Coast Guard vessels were lost, as well as the fishing boat they set out to save from the gale-stricken seas.

Two men who survived that failed rescue attempt visited Astoria in the spring of 1990 to recount the tragic night of January

12, 1961. Darrel Joseph Murray and Larry Edwards were Coast Guard coxswains of two of the three rescue boats that sank that night. The coxswain of the third boat died in the attempt, along with most of his crew.

When Murray walked into the Columbia River Maritime Museum, it was as if he had seen an apparition. Visiting the museum that day was Larry Edwards' son, Blaine Edwards, a fisherman at the time, who so resembled his father as a young man that Murray felt for a moment he was in the presence



USCGS Triumph

of his old friend, looking just as he did three decades earlier.

Murray had never forgotten that night in 1961. Even after twenty years spent in the Coast Guard in motor lifeboat stations, the disaster continued to affect and define his life. The events of that evening began late in the afternoon of January 12, with a distress call from the fishing boat *Mermaid*, received by Cape Disappointment Lifeboat Station just inside the mouth of the Columbia River on the Washington side. The *Mermaid*, of Ilwaco, Washington had lost its rudder trying to beat into the river ahead of a storm, and was drifting

helplessly toward the surf north of Peacock Spit.

Murray, a boatswain's mate described as a petty officer of long experience and established competence in lifeboat stations, quickly dispatched two boats. "I sent Larry Edwards out in a 36-foot boat and I took a 40-foot boat," Murray said during his visit to CRMM 21 years ago. The solid and sturdy, but slow, 36-foot boat was the standard motor lifeboat used by the Coast Guard at the time. It was constructed of wood and was capable of righting itself if capsized. The 40-footer did not have that capability. Not meant to be used as a lifeboat, it generally served as a utility and patrol craft. "The 40-footer was not designed for rough water but it was faster than the 36-footer," Murray explained. "I thought I could get out there and get a towline to the Mermaid before it hit the beach, and turn the tow over to Larry when he reached me,"

What happened instead was that the weather, bad to begin with, continued to get worse. Unable to establish direct radio contact with the Mermaid, Murray lost valuable time searching for the fishing vessel. Neither of the Coast Guard boats had radar. The Jana Jo, a fish boat from Ilwaco skippered by Roy Gunnary, assisted by relaying Mermaid's calls. It was after dark before Murray was able to talk to the Mermaid. "I told them to turn their spotlight on the clouds," Murray said. "I spotted them immediately after that. When I reached the boat, I told the two men aboard they should transfer to my boat. They refused, so we took them

under tow."

Edwards in the 36-foot boat finally reached the other two vessels near Buoy 1, which marks the beginning of the shipping channel into the Columbia River. His boat had taken a beating crossing the bar. It was leaking at the seams and the radio antenna was broken. He did not take over the tow. Plans had changed due to the worsening weather. The 52-foot motor lifeboat from Triumph from Point Adams on the Oregon side of the river was coming out to take the Mermaid in.

The Triumph was a 25-year veteran of rescues in all types of weather at the Columbia River bar. It was wooden-hulled,



The 40' Rescue Boat

one of only two boats of the same design, built in 1935. The man at the helm that night was Boatswain's Mate John L. Culp, a 31 year old career Coast Guardsman who was considered an excellent lifeboat commander. By the time Culp

left the Point Adams station, four miles upriver from the bar, gale winds from the southwest had whipped up huge swells. The Triumph did not reach the other three boats at Buoy 1 until two hours later. Culp took over the tow of the Mermaid from Murray. All four vessels started toward the river.

Then everything went wrong at once. Murray's boat capsized trying to cross the bar. A few minutes later, Triumph went over while attempting to retrieve a parted towline to the Mermaid. Culp and four of his men were lost. Only one member of the crew of Triumph survived, later washing ashore unharmed.

Murray and his two-man crew survived only because of Edwards's quick

thinking. His boat was near Murray's when it overturned. Responding to the 40-footer, Edwards smashed against the upended keel of the other boat during the rescue of the three men. He turned his battered lifeboat out to sea and headed for the Coast Guard Lightship Columbia, anchored on station about seven miles outside the river entrance.

In the meantime, the Mermaid, still afloat, was taken into tow once again by another 36-foot boat sent from Point Adams to assist in the rescue. The 36-footer's coxswain also set out for the lightship but lost the Mermaid to a large swell that capsized the fishing vessel, killing the three men aboard—two brothers and a survivor from the Triumph they had pulled from the water.

After another hour of plowing full-throttle through the storm, the 36-foot boat piloted by Larry Edwards only barely reached

Lightship Columbia. The stern was awash, the engine room half full of water and rudder control almost gone. Edwards circled the lightship for nearly two hours in an attempt to transfer the men. Knowing time was running out, he finally managed to come alongside. One member of his crew was swept from the Jacob's ladder by a wave, only to be snatched again from the water by the lightship's chief engineer as he rose on the crest of another wave. As the last man's foot left the 36-footer, it broke its lines and sank from sight—the only 36-foot motor lifeboat ever lost by the Coast Guard in seven decades of service.

Despite the storm, other Coast Guard vessels and aircraft searched for the missing men the rest of the night and into the next day. Flares were dropped. Shore parties combed both sides of the river. Only two bodies were found. Culp's body came ashore near Cape Disappointment later that night, close to where his surviving crew member, Gordon Huggins, beached. The body of one of the fishermen was found a few days later.

The disaster shocked residents of the small towns on the lower Columbia. Local newspapers questioned the quality of the Coast Guard's rescue craft. A three-day inquiry was held and all survivors provided details of what happened that

night. The irony of the situation was that change was already in progress. A 44-foot all-steel motor lifeboat was going into production to replace the 36-footers. (The 44-footers, which have



The 36' Rescue Boat

been called the best lifesaving craft ever developed were succeeded in 1990 by a new class of 47-foot aluminum motor lifeboats that are still in service.)

A plaque to the memory of the lost crew of Triumph was placed near the Point Adams Lifeboat Station in Hammond (which was closed in 1967 because it was deemed too far upriver from where it was most needed). John Culp, coxswain of Triumph, received a posthumous Gold Lifesaving Medal, the Coast Guard's highest award. His crew received Silver Lifesaving Medals, four of them awarded posthumously. Larry Edwards, coxswain of the 36-footer lost that night, received a

gold lifesaving medal for his role in rescuing crew of the 40-foot utility boat.

Darrel Murray, coxswain of the 40-footer, received a Commendation Medal for his part in the ill-fated rescue and went on to serve the rest of a 20-year career in the Coast Guard. His visit to Astoria and CRMM in 1990 was prompted by the haunting memory of that night.

Larry Edwards also spent 20 years in the Coast Guard and afterward worked for the Alaska ferry system. A few weeks after Murray's unexpected arrival in Astoria, Edwards visited his fisherman son, Blaine, who lived in Ilwaco. Asked about the night of the Triumph disaster, he responded that he had been off-duty waiting for a friend when the Mermaid's call was received at Cape Disappointment. He said it was "dumb luck" that he had seen Murray's capsized boat in the darkness and storm. He remembered seeing the Triumph with Mermaid in tow starting across the bar just after his crew rescued Murray's from the capsized 40-footer. No one now living saw the Triumph sink. Edwards said he chose to head out to sea because he was afraid his battered lifeboat would not survive crossing the bar. He drove it full-throttle through mountain seas because of his concern the sputtering engine of the 36-footer would quit. He said, "I never thought about not making it."

Lightship Columbia which figures prominently in this story, was retired in 1979 after nearly 30 years service with the Coast Guard, replaced by an automated light buoy (which locals joke looked like a large sparkplug)—replaced by an even more sophisticated electronic beacon. Today Columbia is on display at the Maritime Museum, and is designated a National Historic Landmark. Visitors explore her deck and interior at her quiet berth at Astoria's 17th Street Pier, where two Coast Guard cutters are often moored

alongside.

There have been changes in Coast Guard philosophy since the night of January 12, 1961. The old motto, "You must always go out, but you don't have to come back" has been altered to reflect the discernment of on-call rescuers.

A tragic postscript to the January 12, 1961 disaster occurred on January 11, 1991, a day before a 30th anniversary commemoration and reunion in Astoria of the 11 survivors of that night initiated by Darrel Murray, coxswain of the 40-foot boat that was lost. A Coast Guard rescue swimmer and two fishermen died when a fishing boat that had been filling with water sank while under tow by a Coast Guard rescue vessel crossing the Columbia River bar. Not only did the three men die in the same area—near Peacock Spit—the dead Coast Guardsman was from the crew of the Triumph II, which was named after the 52-foot boat that capsized with the loss of five of its crew 30 years earlier. Gordon Huggins, the single survivor of the first Triumph was at the reunion, which was also attended by families of participants and by locals who remembered that deadly night.

This article has been revised from one that originally appeared in the Spring 1990 issue of the Columbia River Maritime Museum's publication, *The Quarterdeck*, and was reprinted in the January 2006 edition of the *North Coast Times Eagle*, whose editor and publisher is the author. *Columbia River Bar Pilot Kevin Murray fell into the Pacific Ocean on a stormy night January 9, 2006 while jumping from an outgoing cargo ship to the bar pilot's boat Chinook. Captain Murray's body washed up at Copalis Beach, Washington and was found two and a half days later.

All boat photographs compliments of the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

DOWN WITH CABIN FEVER

Jon Schmidt

I feel like a lighthouse, standing tall for a hundred years and no longer needed.
I feel like an elderberry tree, snapping in every storm and yet sprouting, Spring or not.
I feel like a wave, traveling for thousands of miles, then breaking so close to the shore.
I feel like the moon who has no choice but to circle the earth, again.
I feel like a jetty, made of a thousand rocks and yet not solid.
I feel like a stump, supporting life but still dying a slow death.
I feel like a ship, rusting in dry dock, dreaming of the sea.
I feel like a rough skinned newt on its back, orange belly to the sky.
I feel like a tattered flag that is folded neatly but should really be burned.
I feel like the half sand dollar that nobody picks up off the beach.
I feel like the tsunami siren, unheard because of sleep and rain.
I feel like a mossy tombstone buried in blackberry vines.
I feel like the campfire that you can't light, no matter the tinder.

"A change in the weather is sufficient to recreate the world and ourselves."

Marcel Proust

BACKWARD FACING MAN

Rochelle Coulombe

I wear my face backwards because I want to know where I've been when we recognize where we come from we know ourselves. Looking backwards I understand what tomorrow brings while the future is unknown. Each day when I run a beautiful woman passes me her face looking forward to the next turning her feet carrying her to some unknown destination. She is so beautiful but can I love a woman racing forward?

One day she stops me and asks "are we always to be passing strangers with different destinations?" all the time her eyes never leave the horizon while mine steadfastly look behind. "I'm unsure," I say, "I need the past to guide me." She replies she must stride forward toward excitement and surprise.

Slowly our eyes meet and in the end we agree to stand shoulder to shoulder one forever open to the new the other dependent on the old and slowly we begin our sideways slide to harmony.



Outer Libations

David Sloan

HOW TO DEFINE A LIFE? CHOOSE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY.

Kimberly Hazel

Alder: a wetland birch.

Amaranthine (am' a ran'thin): Never fading.

Analogous (A nal'a gas): The heart is analogous to a pump.

As/i/nine–stupid; silly.

New asphalt–minus chipped gravel–is a dream come true for roller-skaters.

Burning scrapes are saluted.

Asphyxiation. I am suffocating!

The old dictionary tells me that Dante was Italy's greatest poet. The greatest.

Are you ready? Then you may go

up. You must push this button to get a light.

Clam falls right after clairvoyant in the Thorndike/Barnhart Junior Dictionary. I Googled the spiritual significance of the Yak and came to a site–Destiny Om–found a hand-drawn diagram of the power of nines. 108 beads in a Mala. 108 energy lines converge to form my heart chakra. The same cords that tie and bind Yak and Clam mean the others must be severed.

Excruciating (ex~kru'shi~at'ing). Torture; very painful. I'd once imagined being exed would feel this way, but it is more like the freedom of shedding a tight belt.

Dark clouds foreshadow a storm. I dare say, sometimes means probably, or, in my case, excommunication.

(eks'kemu'ne ka'shen): 1. Expulsion from membership in the church and from any part of its ceremonies. 2. The official statement announcing this.

A piece of cloth often shows defects in weaving. The men dug a deep well to get to pure water. An assayer brings better news–the quality of gold in the ore might just be worth it.

Fortissimo: in music, very loud.

Heretic: a person who holds a belief that is different from the accepted belief of the church.

Hera or Juno–Queen of both Gods and men.

He is my Yak–a Tibetan ox. And, here I'll jump to the end. The entire word listing of all that is “y” often enough, begins with “yak.”

You had. You would. You will. You shall. Most are treeless–having no forest mother.

Chilly, salty, chatty, fidgety, messy, sloppy, sugary, willowy.

David Thine states that, “...rebellion against the [social] contract is the only legitimacy of it.” Blinding our children, we teach them to build lines from lies. Blessed truth

found in bound diagrams.

“I must live from God's guidebook,” the Bishop tells me. And, I understand, fully, why in his system–of whom I have been a lifetime member–I must accept the

punitive actions of my having broken sacred covenants; though I no longer believe in their validity.

Is it coercion to train children out of their natural inclinations at such an early age? A contract years of therapy can only partially return. After all, a contract is not presumed valid unless all parties agree voluntarily.

"Perfect in formation" is the game of chess.

"Imperfect in formation" is the game of poker.

It is risky to dabble in prophecy.

Infinitely long games; do you have a winning strategy? Axiom of choices—word bins lined up forever. For any set of X of non-empty sets, there exists a choice function f defined on X . One could win by picking the best "single" bin of objects before the other player.

Have I now lost?

Early marriages bring a joining of visual memory and celestial tales. Imprints forever scratched into soft, gray heads; trails created by candied fire ants. Paradoxical appears right before paraffin in an old Webster's dictionary. The glazing of a story—holds out mold.

Almost everyone has an eye to his own advantage. This much I do know.

The sound of ricochet? A visual echo for sure.

I saw the images and they were terrifying. Purple hydrangeas caught in a guilotine. A mind scene becomes a blaze. In real life, editing is a weak attempt. It involves a story. If one tells it enough, in just the right way, others will begin to believe in your golden-white halo. I'll come to believe that you never did wear the red horns people reported you possessed.

We all have a nostalgia for Black and White. Clear differences.

I'll write my lines on the spur of the moment.



Jill on the Waterfront

Jamie Boyd

UNDONE

Tricia Gates Brown

Beach is a teacher. Let it undo you. Let it rattle your perceptions and discipline your senses. Observation matters, the beach tells you, wake up.

Beach is how the “aum” would look if it were a land form, extending in a line that encompasses shape and non-shape, galaxies and their smallest particles, disappearing at beginning and end, yet never really ending. At the beach, we stand and watch the earth bend like a bow and we see how little we see, how the world we think we inhabit is an illusion of lines and boundaries, hedgerows and horizons. We are so much smaller than we think until, at the beach, we think about it.

At the beach, the ghostly hands of time and erosion become visible. We see how cliffs have settled into current postures, separating from other land forms in a dramatic cleaving. We see the layers of time painted on sides of cliffs. We find sea creatures petrified and laid to perpetual rest in stone. We observe how the earth has shifted since last we were there.

Yet worlds beyond our perception exist in the sea. Schools of fish shimmy and sway like silk scarves, landscapes of stone and kelp merge with craggy outcroppings of shellfish. Mammals that dwarf the homes we live in create, fall in love, and dance under the blue-gelatin surface of our sea. There are depths of green, symphonies of sound we land dwellers will never know, separated as we are by our need for air and light.

Beach lengthens of perspective, makes us more alive on our best days.

We step onto the sand and awaken to a deeper level of intimacy with ourselves and others. A walk along the ocean beckons long, sinewy conversations, expressions condensed and boiled down to the core of the matter. Common-place at the beach, the unimaginable. Perfectly refined people squat to pee in the sea grass. People shy and modest are seduced into love-making on the sand. People reveal secrets on the beach that later come to haunt them. Grieving people cry openly at the beach, where we feel free and alone despite the presence of others.

Not long after moving to the north coast, while walking the beach with a friend, my companion commented, “Sometimes it seems like the beach is the only place big enough to hold what I feel.” Maybe that is why I came to the beach: to find a place big enough to hold what I feel.

I remember the moment I decided to come. I was in Oceanside, visiting the beach house of a friend, running from my life and running in circles. It was the summer of 2004. I walked exhaustedly along the beach, trying to accept all the things I wanted to change and could not seem to change. I had never imagined myself moving to the beach, picking myself up, along with my daughter, and moving away from the town I called home—the town of our family, the area where I’d lived my entire adult life. But as I walked along the beach on that sun-spilled summer evening, I apprehended a message, a mysterious instruction that told me: “Come here.” Seldom had the

guidance of the universe come across to me with such searing clarity, "Come here," it said. And I looked down at the sand to find a pristine sand dollar.

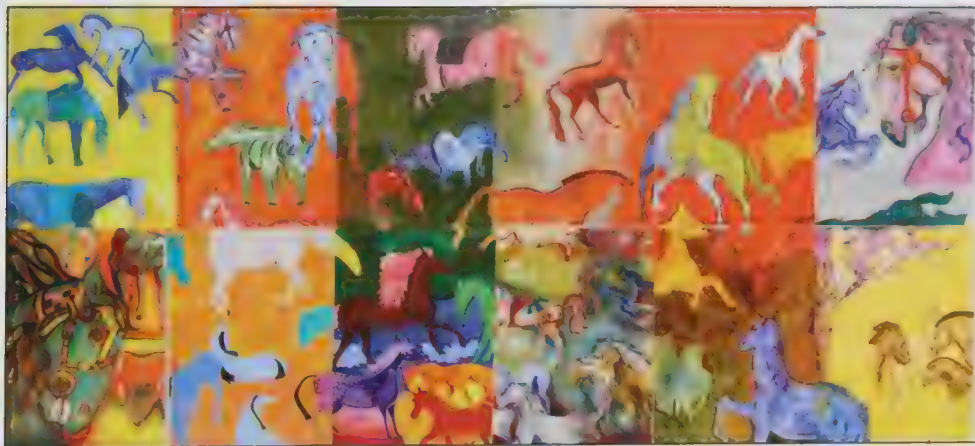
I moved to Oceanside. One afternoon shortly thereafter, while sitting in the picture window of the house I was renting, a beach cottage perched on a cliff that overlooked the Pacific, I saw the word "WELCOME" spelled out in slanting foam on the beach. The delusions of wishful thinking? The deception of eyes staring too long at sunlit water? Call it what you will. I took it as another message. I had come, and I was welcome.

In 2005 I relocated further up the Oregon coast, to the town of Cannon Beach. During the harrowing fall of that year, a friend of mine was among a group of human rights workers taken hostage in Iraq. His name is James Loney. When Jim was lost to captivity and none of us knew where he was or whether he would be freed, I remember thinking that Jim would want us to savor

every moment of freedom he could not experience. He would want us be fully alive to what we encounter. So I began to walk on the beach in the evening with this in mind. I would tell myself I was walking the beach for Jim. I would breathe sea air into my lungs and notice the ripe smell of it. I would take note of every hue the sunset gave birth to, I would feel powdery warm sand massaging my feet and breezes lifting my hair. I would try to notice, while walking the beach, all of the artful forms wrought by nature. And I would think, "I'm taking this walk for Jim." I did this for the 118 days of Jim's captivity.

Now, five years after that incident, I sometimes remind myself of this as I am walking the beach. I ask myself, "Are you paying attention?" After living on the coast for six years, I get jaded. I expect we all do. And so I ask myself again "Are you paying attention?" Not for Jim this time, but for you.

And I remember how the beach can undo me.



Horse Mural

Kristin Shauck's 2011 Painting Class

FISHY SMELL

Carol Smith

I need a job to fill in the gaps of time. Here's a resumé of my day. Can you do this? Alice sets her clock for 6 a.m. Anxious to get to sleep by 9:30, but doesn't sleep well because of all her thoughts of accomplishments expected of her on the following day. The clock blares repetitive bleeps, and she leaps out of bed and heads off to the kitchen, gets coffee going, starts breakfast, wakes up the two kids, serves breakfast, starts lunches, and tries to hurry them along so she can get ready for her work. Sound familiar?

Today she's taking a part-time position at a local cannery, where she will be expected to fillet fish with a very sharp knife, and at a very high rate of speed. The pusher slides the icy fish slowly into a lengthy trough just beyond her cutting board. She has been supplied with a body-length plastic apron, hair net, rubber boots, an arm guard, cotton gloves, and some very sharp knives in a metal sheath. She learns quickly to take a fish face by the eyeballs, and follow body lines to the tail. Three cuts and she's done, after a tail slice, the knife's pressed hard on the flesh, and the fillet is skinned. Into the bucket, over and over; once the buckets full, she sends it onto the moving belt with her number in it, and it goes off to the weigh master to be tallied up.

Some of the fish are very large. One fillet fills the bucket. These are big dollar days-up to twenty-one dollars an hour. She will be happy when the fish are done. It will be several hours before the next boat comes in, so she clocks

out, and heads toward home. The kids will be home from school in one hour, but she needs to stop at the store. The fishy smell from the cannery has overpowered her clothes, and her car. The store is twelve miles from her house. Several people eye her with their faces of disgust, and wonder why she doesn't shower. She walks fast, hurries home, and showers. The kids are home, but she has hardly had time to enjoy them, before fixing dinner, and getting a call from the cannery to see if she's available to work a 10 hour shift tomorrow. She says yes, happy to have done so well her first day; tomorrow will be no problem.

She has tired arms, and sore feet. The cannery is open to the elements, with forklifts moving totes of slippery fish and stacking them two-high, for as far as she can see. She hopes there will be about twenty more filleters coming to finish the job. Ten hours turns into eleven, and she wishes she had never laid eyes on a fish before. She had to call the kids to tell them she'd be late. After work, she has to stop at the store, then hurry home to cook them dinner. There is no work the next day, and life is good. Everyone should experience the fish; they are very slippery characters.

THE MIDDLE OF SOMEWHERE

Pamela Mattson McDonald

The lure of city lights must hark back to the fire of early hearths, kindling the hope of warmth and food. Looking at the glitter of Vancouver as we sit in the Strait of Georgia, I ponder the storm of events that landed me on this deck of a tug named Sea Robin. I think of the coal mines in North Dakota and the snaking, mile-long trains that trundle the coal out of there each day; likewise this tug, hauling this oil barge, is part of a carbon dinosaur howling its last. Here at the beginning of the 21st Century hangs the end of the petroleum dynasty struggling to hold on. Anachronisms, like oil and wood, are a theme in my life; arcane process, industries and pursuits.

My pottery career had a seven-year affair with wood firing. For years I cut wood in the Clatsop Forest. We used this to feed, a fire-breathing dragon kiln to create temperatures ferocious enough to melt rock.

I was part of the stoking crew at a hill climbing, Anagama kiln, in the coastal forests of Oregon. The kiln master, Richard, had been a logger for Weyerhaeuser and spent most of his years growing up in the forests and on the water of the Northwest. The wood we gathered and cut for the kiln was done with respect and stewardship for the land. We bid for thinning contracts mapped out by the Oregon Department of Forestry. Once cut, six people moved the tree, carrying and loading it onto the trucks. All woodchips were raked back into the forest floor; trimmed limbs piled by the road.

Our ten high and twenty foot long storage shed held three kiln loads worth of the branch trimmed tree lengths. The Anagama used up to six cords for four hundred pots or more. We understood our dependence on the forest. Other wood, for the side stoking ports, came from dumpsters at a furniture factory in North Portland. They were mostly thin strips of hardwood perfect for bursting immediately into flame and giving fast increases in heat.

As we sat at our firing stations, stoking the kiln, stories and silence came to pass the time; woodcutting and backcountry tales took the lead in the talk. Ron, a young man stoking one of the side ports, told of his hike up Mt. Jefferson. With amazement and awe he described the spare, grand beauty in the "middle of nowhere".

Richard, pushing a log of alder deeper into the front firebox, cleared his throat, "Don't you mean, 'the middle of somewhere'?"

Puzzled, Ron turned towards him.

Richard continued, "If we're out where no human has put any mark and see it as nowhere, we're dismissing its somewhere-ness. Nowhere, is insulting. It means no importance or value. Ya know, it's our choice of words about nature we can change. We can talk about it as valuable, 'the middle of somewhere'."

I understood what Richard was talking about. In my travels across America I had seen the blatant disregard for nature when corporate logging, mines and oil drilling discounted the wildlife and

beautiful wilderness area because, after all, it was in the middle of nowhere. Until their project became a money making venture who would care or value this? If humans aren't living there how could it have value? Somewhere reflects a value of stewardship instead of just taking. Even if National Geographic hasn't filmed it as a TV special, it's special.

We have been traveling now for twenty-four hours through the Geor-

gia and Hecate Straits. I am again on watch on the deck of the Sea Robin. The twin diesel engines rumble and the slight following seas roil the aft bumpers to produce a rhythm. The lights of the bridge deck illuminate the area around us. After an hour we are in the Pacific Ocean. Out beyond the lights it's deep, dark, enveloping. It's clear above. Sky and water melt into one blue-black bowl. I am in the middle of somewhere.



Reality at the Dragon Kiln

Nancy Cook

HANDS TOUCHING FIRE

David Campiche

Over the Dragon Kiln
A brass bell tolls

Bleeds down valley
As free as

Rembrandt's horse
Without the Polish rider

Hot blue smoke
Boils from the tall chimney

On a crisp January morning in Oregon
Dawn has arrived

Frost licking wet ground
Like a hungry animal

From orange flame
My face is taut

I feed armfuls of firewood
Into the dragon's belly

Drink black coffee from a stoneware cup
And scribble a poem on a paper scrap

It has been months
Good, I say

As I begin to write
Say a prayer

All around me
Hands touching fire

IN THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN

Richard Rowland

Tiny fragments carried by ants
To a **sanctified dome**
Collective, intimate, symbolic
Carried outside in-inside out and brushed
Onto the viscous surface of the small cup-
Igneous obsidian chips, volcanic tuff
Bits of feldspar finely lit that night by the moon
Growing outward into life
Like the thin vitreous layer
Inside a robin's egg, presented as a ritual
For ceremony later at the kiln's fire
In the form of a cup half full of sake
To sharpen its taste

Clay cups to hold
Stone-transformed by fire
Wondering
About these bits of rock
As big as the ants that carried them
To fortify their tunnels
Leaving in their trail
A primal marker, a chemical footprint

All on the high desert floor
Under the sweet wisps of sage and juniper
Pulling the world into **love So big**
The colony oscillates like magic
I watch the ants
Go back and forth in motion
Carrying their home
Into this moment of mystery
In the service of the queen

How do I feel?
Holding small bits
Of their home in my hand
A human drink
Shared with the ants
At the kiln
Listening, listening
Intently to the soft desert wind

OBSIDIAN ANTS & NEOTRADITIONAL ARTS: A CONVERSATION WITH RICHARD ROWLAND

photos and text by Nancy Cook



Ant Rock

On a March morning, the foghorns are sounding along the river below my Astoria home as I drive south and out across the little Young's Bay Bridge. At Miles Crossing, I bypass the mini-mart and turn left to follow the road that follows the Young's River Slough. Here, the morning fog has lifted enough; slowing the car, I catch a glimpse of Herman the heron. He is standing like a grey-blue statue on a particular log where I feel I may have seen him once before. Probably it's not the same logjam. Possibly it's not even the same heron who my friend who once named for me. For all I know, "he" might be a she-heron. Still, I like believing. Despite my motorized speed, I like imagining myself into the heron's morning. Someday, come what may, I might be still for long enough, watching and listening as a statue of feathered stone lifts or dives into flight. For today, Herman is just a named heron, just a water bird, like a buoy, marking the route along a river reality that really does flow parallel to the asphalt road. Today I have an appointment to keep with a woodfired potter. I want to talk with Richard about his recent collaboration with some ants of Eastern Oregon. I find him in his studio in the alders throwing bowls for the Women's Resource Center Soup Bowl Project. An anagama kiln named Astoria Dragon sits silently nearby.

Nancy: So, I'm curious, about these ants. I know you collected the ant rock in Eastern Oregon. I know you offered potshards to the landscape in return. But how did this start? What inspired you to begin collaborating with these ants?

Richard: As a poet or an artist, you have to push it... You open up to the discovery. To be an artist is to be reflective, to listen. I'm getting better at that. It's simple, these deep questions that we have. For me, you and I, we need to listen.

N: Hmm. I'm not a very good listener. But

you were listening? The Geiger counter went off, and you knew there was something of value in this ant rock?

R: If we were going to analyze it? (*Laughing, he turns to the wheel for a long time.*)

R: When you're in the right place your own self is reflected from that mirror. What a lucky thing [to be an artist]. You have an opportunity to go out there. I don't take it for granted.

N: Me neither. You're in the right place...?

R: Either by circumstances, or quite often by serendipity, quite as important. The circum-

stance puts you out there, the serendipity takes over if you're open. (*Long silence.*)

N: I'm curious about the queen's colony and how the ants function as a eusocial organism. It seems the woodfired potters have something in common to the super industrious ants. Whether they're working with the fire—feeding the pots, feeding the pots—or even at the wheel. Typical consciousness is transcended at times, and the artist, like the ant, tunes into to subtler forms of communication.

eusociality: a term used to describe the highest level of social organization in a hierarchical classification. The most familiar examples are social insects such as ants, bees, and wasps, all with reproductive queens and more or less sterile workers. It can manifest in the appearance of individuals within a group whose behavior includes self-sacrificing altruism. from Greek eu: "good/real" + "social"

R: What are you curious about?

N: My question would be, what attracts you to the ants? You've said some of this in your poem, but I'm still curious. What do the ants have to teach us?

R: That we can create reverence, that we can create a place, a home, a temple, that we can be in service to a bigger...

N: Like in the colony? A bigger what?

R: A bigger sense of sustainability, a bigger sense of passing on the future, a good future. Or a responsibility, a bigger sense of getting out of our own... (*Silence.*)

N: Some of this ant work was shown in your recent group show, *Form and Function: Neotraditional Art*, and I'm curious what "neotraditional" means to you.

Can you speak, in particular, to the way neotraditional arts, especially, might be of importance to this bigger sustainability?

R: Very important. Very good question. In order to keep the values of the past we have to bring them into the contemporary view; we have to find those values in the contemporary view to add to the traditional values that are already in place. We have to tweak it. And tweaking it brings this imagination and joy. When we tweak it, art becomes part of being in that moment. When it works, it creates this spiritual...

this spirit... that can continue. When it doesn't work it can create a kind of imbalance. Really, if we look at the idea of balance, then we understand our place. If we don't look at it, we have a problem. We have no reason to have children.

N: So, how might a tea cup or a coffee mug created in collaboration with the ants help to preserve that balance?

R: As a physical memory...

N: The object is a physical memory of...

R: ...of the integration, of that moment, that inspirational moment. It's like a prayer when you reconnect to your human presence.

N: So, for you, each one of those ant cups holds the memory of that magical discovery of the ants in the obsidian desert and the connection you felt?

R: Oh yes. It's not my nature; it's the nature of us all. I think it can be overwhelming. Do I have the courage to absorb the mystery? It's fearful. (*Silence.*) It's like raising your kid; there's all this pressure, all these expectations, all these responsibilities. You don't want to do the wrong thing.

N: You make it sound like you could make a pot that would do harm.

R: To the craft, to the community, to the responsibility. (*Silence.*)

community: a unified body of individuals. from Latin com: "with" + munis: "binding by obligation"

N: It makes me think about Russell Jim and his family at the Yakama [White Swan] Longhouse. When they decided a few decades back to reinstate the traditional Washat Feast—the First Food Feasts and the Feast When The Sun Comes Round—they knew they were entering a major obligation. The feasts hadn't happened in that community for a long time, and they knew if they started them again, they couldn't just do it once. They had to commit. If they engaged with the spirit realm, they had to stay engaged. It's simple what they do in the longhouse—naming the foods that come from the Creator, honoring the foods. It's the simplest religion, but it's important.

R: I think the lesson from that is that you can't do it as an individual. You have to do it as a community.

N: So, you have an obligation as an artist. You've named it in various ways: custodial aesthetics, sanctification of place, deep utility, but I'm thinking of holding those ant vessels when they came out of the kiln. They're conventional objects, yet, to me, a few of them feel like ceremonial objects: as if, they, too, hold that connection between the human community and a spirit community that's felt appropriately honored. It reminds me of the traditional Yakama beaded hats which hold the rich tradition of root digging. The women, the diggers, wear the ceremonial hats when they dig roots or serve feasts. The hats are a reminder to the women that they're doing the work of this larger community that includes the spirit of all things. I feel like perhaps you, too, have created objects that hold that deeper essential connection. And one question I have is what would be the appropriate use for the objects?

R: To put food in them. To be in that moment, to bring that moment alive and rich and flavorful, to put flavor and richness into life. To have that opportunity to do that. It doesn't have to be an extraordinary moment, but a daily moment. I think a daily moment is what we're losing.

N: So somebody eats from a bowl that has the ant glaze on it...

R: *(Laughter. More laughter.)*

N: It connects them? Even if they don't know it, the bowl connects them?

R: I don't think you want to underestimate the fool. Because really, we're all fools, and everybody has the right to interpret in their own way. They get it. Anyone will get it. We don't need to tell them how to feel. They need to tell us. We need to have a conversation together.

N: Right. I don't want to tell anyone how to feel, but to the extent that the people don't know the history and intention, the divine serendipity embodied in an object, isn't it possible they might miss it? The people in the longhouse don't just know that the food at the feast is sacred. They learn that growing up in the longhouse. I don't think it's a small thing. I think you stumbled on something big with these ants. And I'm still curious how we honor the spirit of this

process. It would be my hope that drinking from a tea cup or a sake cup fired with the ant glaze might help a person stay aligned in that liminal world, with reverence and respect, which is exactly what you said, but how do we do it? How do we, who come in contact with these bowls, these cups, these vases, these vessels, respect them appropriately?

R: I think you do it through passion, conviction and faith. And that would mean that you have to hope. And, that's not necessarily an analytical view. And thank God it isn't.

N: Hmm. I read an essay just which argued that hope is one of the harbingers to real social change. We might have hope that science will create the next solution. We might have hope that others will take care of the problems. But it's only when we give up on hope, that we're thrown into action. That was the essay's point. And that's one of the reasons why I admire you. Even when you're not entirely conscious of what you are doing, you are always moving into the next project. And there's moments in every firing when you're just exhausted, beyond the ability to think clearly and hope for any outcome...

R: That's when faith comes in. And you know that's true throughout history. All the way back, to Germany, all the way back. That's how the people were able to survive. And I don't mean hope and faith in a particular religion. I mean hope and faith in yourself. That you have a future. A possibility of survival. We don't have any permanence. Nothing's permanent. That's the beauty in living. *(Silence.)*

N: It's interesting, in some traditional cultures, they might say that the Great Mystery is permanent. The Creator is permanent.

R: Maybe. You bring up good points, and if there's a kernel of truth, that's enough. Then you can tell a story.

N: And the story which still comes to mind is the story of the longhouse. The songs they sing, the feasts they lay using the ceremonial objects—the drums and the tule mats and the hats. What the Yakama do in the longhouse is recognize that human ritual plays a role in bringing back the

sacred food. That *is* the role of the human. Expressing reverence has always been one of the roles of human consciousness. But I wonder how our culture actively celebrates that anymore...

R: Through the poet, and through the writer, and through the artist and through the conviction of responsibility. I believe that is the role of the artist.

N: That is the role of the artist? To keep that interaction with the spirit world alive? Would you say that?

R: Yes.

N: So the artist and the poet are a kind of a shaman?

R: Yes. (*Laughter.*) Whether they know it or not. (*More laughter.*)

N: You think it doesn't matter if they know it or not?

R: I don't think it matters. I think you just have to express from the heart. You have to write the poem. That's the act. That's the moment.

shaman: *a member of certain tribal societies who acts as a medium between the visible world and the invisible spirit world for purposes of healing, divination, and control over natural events. from Russian shaman, from Tungus, saman, perhaps from Chinese sha men: "Buddhist monk"*

N: Okay. So you're out there, in the desert with the ants—in the moment....

R: Well not exactly. You're called into a place. As you know, coming from a special place in Alaska, you're called into a place. And you're not going there with any inappropriate agenda. You're going there because you're called to go there because of the community. And, we don't have enough time, but we have to make time. I can't be fighting twenty different battles. I have to focus on two or three—the battle to keep community healthy. And you have to find a place where you can do that. Whether it's in the desert, or Alaska, or somewhere else. There's a whole world out there. (*Silence.*)

N: What's the significance of obsidian?

R: Oh. That's a big question. I can talk to that. Obsidian puts fire in the eye. To me, it's about passing light back and forth.

Obsidian has this great quality of letting light come and go. (*Later he will tell me about the ancient heads at Easter Island, how they have obsidian in their eyes. And more— how, if a person happens to be sitting in a juniper tree looking down on an obsidian desert, the whole floor of the Earth reflects the moonlight.*)

R: Obsidian has this...recalcence...

When you heat something up, it changes color. It's that color change, that light change. That's the transformative moment I'm afteraware that the light is changing. When the light changes over a landscape it brings it alive. And obsidian is a material that really is concentrated. All the ancient peoples knew that.

recalcence: *a sudden glowing in a cooling metal caused by liberation of the latent heat of transformation. from Latin re + calcsere: "to become warm, to become warm again"*

N: So, in these particular pots you took this material, this obsidian, that has the quality of putting fire into the eye, the quality of bringing light, and it was in the hands of the ants, this organism, that is no longer an individual. The ants are selfless individuals. They work for the community. I want to hear more about the ants.

R: Well, the ants have this ability to pick up the different materials and not judge them for some obscure reason, but rather to use them to fulfill their utilitarian purpose. To build.

N: So the ants use the obsidian for what?

R: To build their home—their dome.

N: And you've seen one of these?

R: Yes. They're big.

N: Big domes in the desert. Do you think the obsidian is central to their architecture?

R: Yes, because the whole place is glass. It makes sense to use the materials around you.

N: Right. And the ants know this. Or, well actually If you believe in evolution, the ants don't really know it; the community just stumbled upon it. They evolved in evolution to that landscape, probably.

R: If you believe in adaptability... And that's a part of evolution to be able to adapt to

circumstance. That's evolution.

N: Well I I don't know about that. I'd want to study these ants. Are these a particular kind of ants specific to Eastern Oregon? What kind of ants are these?

R: I think they're obsidian ants. (*Laughter.*)

N: Obsidian ants?! (*Laughter.*) But, really, the notion that these ants may have evolved in relation to that particular volcanic landscape is quite interesting.

R: I'm sure they worked hand in hand.

And, if you look at the material you see that each one of these pebbles was picked up by one ant. They didn't have a wheelbarrow.

N: (*Laughter.*) They didn't have a hammock? I told you, in my dream there were two ants carrying each pebble using translucent hammocks. The material was like a cross between spider silk and slug slime. And the ants were carrying the pebbles together.

R: Well, I think that could happen. But you bring up an important point. Intimacy is an important question. How do we have an intimate relationship with the community and the natural world? I think we do it by using all our senses, and also with the sense of responsibility for that community.

N: I still want to know more about that Eastern Oregon landscape. I know it's so special to you. Can you speak to that?

R: Well, my father took me there when two or three or four or five years old almost every summer. That's how I got introduced to that whole Eastern Oregon area. And what struck me is both the starkness and the subtleness at the same time. It had all this very subtle activity living below and above the surface because it's all volcanic.

N: (*Laughter.*) I'm sorry. I'm picturing little three-year-old Richard analyzing the desert.

R: I don't mean me in particular. You become acquainted with a friend or a home or a place and then you develop a passion. That's normal for most of us.

N: I'm curious, what are your memories of that place when you were a kid?

R: Only that it had this very evident movement of light and atmosphere that created a certain quality and humility. [The desert is a place where] nature is bigger than the individual. The desert has this ability to destroy you, this ability to make you reflect

because of the big space. That's really important to have space around you, that wilderness experience.

N: It's true. Here on the coast, the forest, even the clouds and the rain, can sometimes make you feel a little closed in.

R: I think here the emotional density is much more interior, and there, in general, the emotional quality is more integrated to a bigger space. As you navigate and map out your poetic journey, it's a good idea to have the opportunity to experience a certain spatial relationship that you can't get here.

N: Do you feel there was anything important going on in that particular New Year's firing? It was a special firing, with just three of you: David (Campiche) and Randy (McClelland). Randy's Tengu were in there. Can you speak of that particular firing?

R: I think if you're building a fire, then you have to build it with a certain intention to be able to find something. Whatever interesting and curious and BIG. I think sometimes it works and other times I'm not paying attention enough. It's a struggle to always be attentive. Every firing is a challenge to be attentive, and yet to be free. To let those transformative experiences happen without controlling the intention too much.

N: So controlling the intention is dangerous. Why is that?

R: I think it's dangerous because it changes at times, and sometimes for the better, and sometimes not so good. You have to have faith, again... that the intention will change and absorb the bigger community. As you know, as a poet, the value doesn't come from the predictable interaction, necessarily; the value comes from a more serendipitous integration of intention and community—the transformative moment. That's the moment I really need.

N: It's interesting, poets often speak of the the triggering subject versus the emergent subject of a poem. The poet might sit down with the intention to write something, but then, hopefully, the sounds of language, the emergent connections take over. It's kind of a motto for poets: if you don't discover anything, it's probably not a very good poem. And then there's me, right now. I'm struggling because I have a certain intention for

this interview. I have ideas about the ants.

R: Well, what's wrong with that?

N: I want to stay open. You might say some thing that transcends what I'm thinking.

R: Still, hopefully you have a sense of intention, a sense of responsibility towards the community.

N: Hmm. We've been talking about listening. And it seems possible to enter a particular firing, or a particular writing project, with a particular intention that actually keeps you from listening well. [Too much intention] might keep you from really listening to what's happening in that firing, or even in the liminal world that surrounds that firing. (*Silence*.) I'm a teacher, and as a teacher I'm interested in facilitating good dialogue and hence this metaphor of conversation. How often do we listen with the hope that our original intentions will be met? Alternatively, can we listen more openly so that dialogue itself can be an emergent process? I think a lot of people, myself included, are too goal oriented in their conversations. We don't know how to truly listen. And the busier we are, the harder it is to truly listen. But that's enough about that. I asked about that particular firing because for me, some of this new ants work felt deeply feminine. I know the ants are matriarchal, and we've already agreed there's a masculine and feminine in each of us, but would you agree there was something distinctly feminine in that work?

R: Hmm. I think there's a kind of expressiveness and clarity in the feminine voice that really relies on the nourishment of a community. It relies on growth, the healthy growth of a child.

N: Yes, mothering, nurturing of all sorts puts you into a position of responsiveness; an immediacy. I'm not always a good listener for my daughter, but if I don't listen, she yells at me. She makes me listen.

R: None would disagree with that notion of creation being a moment of birth. (*Silence*.)

N: In addition to the ant glaze, there was a lot of magnesium in that firing, right? What's the significance of the magnesium?

R: The idea that a material can influence the community. Magnesium's character is a powerful flux. (*Silence*.) I think that we

don't understand materials very well. We have a scientific view, or an intentional view, or a biased view, but materials really are the character of a community. (*Silence*.)

N: Some of these ant vessels, particularly when they first came out of the kiln, had, for me, a celestial quality... like I was holding something that belonged to the moon goddess. Maybe it's as simplistic as the obsidian shining out of the glaze like starlight. Or maybe it's raw aesthetics: how a white glaze versus a brown glaze is somehow more feminine, more refined. However it felt like more. It transcends the physical properties. It's just a feeling in the vessel.

R: The feeling you give it as important as the feeling you get from it.

N: Particularly with obsidian?

R: With anything. With any good art.

N: So, in some ways, the power of those bowls you put out into the community is hugely reliant upon the users?

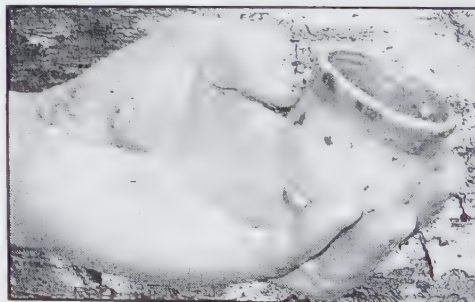
R: Mostly reliant.

N: We have to listen.

R: We have to.

N: The artist creates the object or the poem that the community responds to. And that's part of why I'm talking to you today. I feel you've made me these unsayably potent objects for our community, but our community still has to fulfill the role of using them.

R: They do. They do. It may not happen in my lifetime. It may happen later. Sometimes I think we try to get at it too quickly. Sometimes we expect our community to change over night. I don't think that's a good idea. I think we need to let things happen more naturally. (*Silence*.)



Cup with Ant Glaze

TWO PIT TICKETS FOR THE END OF THE WORLD

Adam Berk

The Man said with a sneer today
that I would have no voice:
That puerility or obscurity
would be my only choice.
He pointed to the queue of souls
outside his castle gates.
Each gaunt, starved hand held gold and cans
of blood to bribe the Fates.
“Look, Jack, your useless crop has put
your head up in the clouds,”
this giant fee-fo-fummed into my face.
But though this ogrish lord of air
was violent and loud,
I felt your soft touch hold my feet in place.
Now we throw our seeds around us hoping
one takes root and grows,
its strong limbs keeping ours out of the earth.
We’ll scurry through the branches swaying
where the storm wind blows
and twirls our hearts ‘til we collapse in mirth.
And a burst of twigs and leaves may be
our only mark of worth.

A voice buzzed in my ear today
to remind me of my debts.
It spoke of entropy disease
and rotting safety nets,
Of gods who drive us with the scourge
of every known affliction,
Of countries shaken by D.T.’s
from gasoline addiction.
My Daedilus, he warned me
that our wings are only wax,
and the carbon crockpot’s set the seas to stew.
But though we may be torn to atoms
from our nuclear attacks,
my melting mind will laugh with thoughts of you.
And we’ll make our marks on paper trying
to make some sense of this
as our ever tangled lives grow intertwined.

We'll wander through the wastelands gathering
shells and stones and grist—
make our homes from any rubbish that we find.
And your sweetly pulling hand is all
I'll ever need in mine
Our peers assault us with their refuse,
but I refuse to let you go.
Their staunch refusal's a refusal of the lie
that proclaims life as gravitous,
But, as for us, we know
that falling's just another way to fly.

Held parlay with my fears last night
while lying awake in bed.
They showed me everything I had
was fashioned from the dead,
That my songs were just the moans of ghosts
who died with wants unheard,
My stories: zombies brought to life
through nec-romantic words.
Wraiths danced upon the bedroom walls
and I thought, "There's no escape,"
the world outside runs on infernal power.
From Romulus our roads were paved
with murder, theft and rape,
what hope is there for luminous dreams like ours?
Now your weary eyelids open.
They're heavy just like mine,
with thoughts of all the ways our Earth could end.
We giggle, for it's odd to be
awake at this late time
when broken fancies never seem to mend.
So we cuddle in the dark and wait
for the show to start again.

ON SEEING, AND BEING SEEN BY,
A MINK, EARLY ONE MORNING BY
A SERIOUS RIVER,

Brian Doyle

By which I mean, you know, a river with some sprawl in it,
Some wet fat, a river ludicrously deeper than it seems to be,
A river you can't throw a rock over no matter how cool you
Think you are, a river with residents you never hardly really
Actually see, but give you the willies when you do, like this
Mink looking at me with, God bless us, a snake in its mouth.
All sorts of thoughts cross my mind and almost certainly his,
And I am sure the mink is a guy, from the *I'd come up there*
And kick your ass but I am busy stare, which I have received
Many times in life. I think about having snakes for breakfast,
And about how a mink is mostly a muscle, and how the river
Must savor many mink, and what the local geese think about
All this, and what the mink thinks of a mammal with glasses,
Sipping coffee on the bench. Probably *I'd come up there and*
Kick your ass but I am busy, but you never know, and I think
This is the point of the lesson this morning and every blessed
Morning, yes? There are many mink and we just never know.



Wreck

Darren Orange

The mixed media oil painting above is part of a group exhibition *Terminus Ad Quem: A Final Limiting Point in Time*. The exhibition, which also features new work by Harry Gold and Dara Solliday, "suggests to inform through invocation the forced imbalance of human adaptation to the natural world. ... The evidence of this attestation for alteration is in obsolescent objects or ruinous sentinels marking the horizon." *Darren Orange*

SURFING JONES BEACH

Brian Doyle

One day when I was strong and supple I went surfing
With my brother the day after a roaring thunderstorm.
We stared at the grim mountainous swell twice as big
As anything we had ever seen—and dove in, terrified.
I wasn't brave enough to admit I wasn't brave enough
To enjoy the line between abject fright and utter thrill,
Plus I was pretty much the raggediest surfer in history,
Content to hug the board and try not to be decapitated,
And I surrendered happily after perhaps three minutes,
But my brother stayed in the roiling ocean a long time,
And I think that was the first time I realized how other
He was, how alive to another species of joy altogether
Than me—how we could be so close, dressed the same
As children, sleeping in the same room for many years,
Mistaken as twins with our matching bristled crewcuts,
Shoulder to shoulder in a thousand family photographs,
But become men of wildly different clans and passions;
But that is exactly what happened. You can love a man
After you leave the languages only you two ever spoke,
It turns out, and the deep quiet ways I love my brothers
And they love me have been gifts beyond measurement
And beyond any expectation, too, a sea of wild currents.
When he finally came in he was smiling and speechless,
I remember that. Not the first time silence was eloquent.

ASTORIA BICENTENNIAL SECTION

Putting together a staff section is always an adventure, and compiling this year's Astoria Bicentennial Section was certainly an adventure in history. Here in Astoria, the oldest white settlement west of the Rockies, we live in a town alive with history, much of it located within a short—albeit steep—walk of our historic campus. Our staff toured the Heritage Museum, the Columbia River Maritime Museum, and especially enjoyed personal visit with Agnes and Calvin Brown at the new Garden of Surging Waves Chinese Heritage Center. I've rented cars at Lum's Auto Center; I've shopped the Starving Artist Faire, but until this year, I never put it together that the community-minded Lum family of today is related to the same Lum Quing who immigrated to Astoria in 1890 from a village in Canton. I never knew that our beautiful Duncan Law Seafood Center was named not for law in the legal sense, but rather for Duncan Law, another innovative local Chinese-American.

One rainy day, back in the classroom, we watched the Astoria Bicentennial committee's new movie, with a personal introduction from the ever-personable and knowledgeable Paulette McCoy. On the day McCoy joined us, a Clatsop student who is a member of the Chinook Indian Nation happened to be working in the computer lab. He enlightened us with his comments on the bicentennial from a Native perspective, giving a voice to the five tribes—Clatsop, Cathlamet, Wahkiakum, Willapa and Lower Chinook—which have inhabited the Lower Columbia since time immemorial. I knew we'd be celebrating the arrival of the Tonquin and John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company, but until this quarter, I didn't know how Concomley, Chief of the Chinook, saved two of Astoria's earliest settlers within days of their arrival. According to history, the great Chief warned the newcomers against crossing the Columbia in such weather, with such boats, but did they listen? "When the past no longer illuminates the future, the spirit walks in darkness," wrote deTocqueville, and were it not for Concomley's legendary rescue, those naïve boaters may well have joined others from their party who found a dark grave while crossing, under orders, the infamous Columbia River Bar.

Despite the various heroic themes that often dominate the subjective historical narratives, Astoria's history has not always been pretty, and our *RAIN* adventure in history included its fair share of conflict. Near the end of the quarter, just as she was polishing her pages, one of our *RAIN* students made Astoria history, her face plastered on the Daily Astorian next to the three inch bold headline "RACISM". "Any historical narrative is a bundle of silences," wrote Trouillot, and this young woman chose not to share her story, here, at this time. Still, her experience remains, for me, a powerful metaphor for this bicentennial. "History isn't really about the past, settling old scores. It's about defining the present and who we are," wrote Ken Burns. What will the next two hundred years bring? Will our efforts to restore the historically abundant Columbia River salmon succeed? Will our efforts with a new racism taskforce make a difference in the lives that unfold here? The Astoria Bicentennial is a ripe opportunity to revitalize our daily lives by imagining the history which took place here on these soils. The study of history is an adventure, and here in Astoria, history is everywhere. We can even re-envision the early days while emptying the bladder of a handcrafted Fort George beer. With the release of the *1811 Pre-Prohibition Lager*, the Fort George Brewery opens a new chapter in Astoria's rich canning history. And, yes, there's a lot to celebrate, but there's also much to reflect upon with due pause. We hope the pages that follow inspire readers to pause, to explore, to reflect. "History is but the nail on which the picture hangs," wrote Dumas. And the future is an empty canvas. *Nancy Cook*

ASTORIA

Founded 1811



4 DOZEN HALVES

ASTORIA

BRAND

ASTORIA, IN 1812

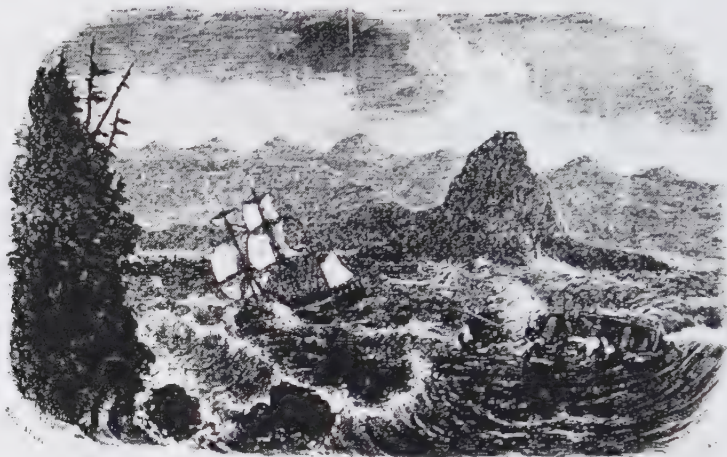
SALMON

COLUMBIA RIVER

DISTRIBUTED BY
SALMON EXCHANGE INC.
ASTORIA, OREGON.

PACKED IN U.S.A.





ENTRANCE OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER
Ship *Tonquin* crossing the bar. 25th March 1811

But, as the captain wished to take advantage of the fine season to pursue his traffic with the natives along the N. W. coast, it was resolved to establish ourselves on Point *George*, situated on the south bank, about fourteen or fifteen miles from our present anchorage.⁴² Accordingly, we embarked on the 12th, in the long-boat, to the number of [102] twelve, furnished with tools, and with provisions for a week. We landed at the bottom of a small bay, where we formed a sort of encampment. The spring, usually so tardy in this latitude, was already far advanced; the foliage was budding, and the earth was clothing itself with verdure; the weather was superb, and all nature smiled. We imagined ourselves in the garden of Eden; the wild forests seemed to us delight-

⁴² Point George was thus named by Vancouver and Broughton, in 1792. It is now known as Smith Point, and is the site of the present town of Astoria. The fort built by the Astorian expedition at this point was transferred (as hereafter to be narrated) to the North West Company. In December, 1813, the British flag was raised, and the stockade re-christened Fort George. In 1818 Captain Biddle and Commissioner Prevost took formal re-possession in the name of the United States; but no attempt was made to re-occupy the post, which remained an English fur-trading station. Upon the consolidation of the British companies (1821), the main post was removed to Vancouver and Fort George was abandoned (1824). The modern Astoria was built up after American occupation.— ED.

ful groves, and the leaves transformed to brilliant flowers. No doubt, the pleasure of finding ourselves at the end of our voyage, and liberated from the ship, made things appear to us a great deal more beautiful than they really were. Be that as it may, we set ourselves to work with enthusiasm, and cleared, in a few days, a point of land of its under-brush, and of the huge trunks of pine-trees that covered it, which we rolled, half-burnt, down the bank. The vessel came to moor near our encampment, and the trade went on. The natives visited us constantly and in great numbers; some to trade, others to gratify their curiosity, or to purloin some little articles if they found [103] an opportunity. We landed the frame timbers which we had brought, ready cut for the purpose, in the vessel; and by the end of April, with the aid of the ship-carpenters, John Weeks and Johann Koaster, we had laid the keel of a coasting-schooner of about thirty tons.

We imagined ourselves in the garden of Eden...
The natives visited us constantly & in great numbers.



ASTORIA AS IT WAS IN 1813

Images and text from Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America 1811-1814 or the First American Settlement on the Pacific

A PEOPLE DISPLACED

REPORT OF W.W. RAYMOND SUB AGENT FOR THE INDIANS
WITHIN THE ASTORIA DISTRICT

OFFICE INDIAN AGENCY,
Astoria District, July 20, 1857.

SIR: In complying with instructions issued in circular under date May 19, 1857, I would respectfully submit the following for your information. This district embraces that portion of territory lying on the south of the Columbia river, to New Stucker river, and up to the Columbia river to Oak Point, a portion of territory not yet treated for by the United States.

The number of Indians in this district is about two hundred and fifty, as follows:

Cath Camettes.....	19
Clatsops.....	41
Klats-ka-nuise.....	8
Tillamooks.....	183

Being ninety-five men, one hundred and seven women, and forty-nine children. These Indians are, since the very timely aid in furnishing them supplies by the superintendent of Indian affairs, comparatively comfortable for Indians. They alone are prepared to live in most wretched huts and yet appear satisfied. Some have built comfortable houses, yet they occupy their huts in preference. There is peace between this people and the whites. The Indians prefer the whites being among them than otherwise; they perform little services, for which they are compensated, and make it a matter of pecuniary interest to them.

There are occasionally little petty differences arising from their occasional intoxication. I feel encouraged that this imposition upon the Indians by those of base principle is about done—the Indians not being allowed to visit the places where rum is kept for sale, or where they could otherwise obtain it.

There being no treaty with this people, consequently no provisions made for annuity payment. I have been obliged to issue them some presents as a quietus, without which they would feel an injustice done them; their lands being occupied as other lands, but not, as others, allowed any equivalent, it appears to them a neglect. The favor from the superintendent of ploughs and other tools is by them appreciated; they consider him interested in their welfare, and it appears as an evidence of their not being forgotten by our government.

The Indians, generally, are quite willing to labor for the whites, but have been very reluctant to engage in agricultural pursuits for themselves. Now they appear to manifest some interest; and could they have some instructors, I am satisfied that they will nearly, or quite, subside themselves; and it is a wiser policy to furnish them the means of supporting themselves than for government to subsidize them; and while they are kept constantly employed, there will be but little mischief.

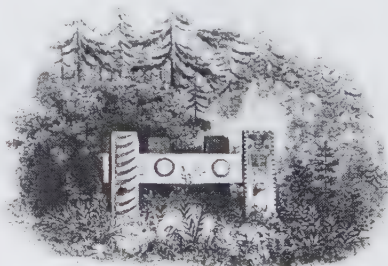
Their fish, both shell and fin, are in abundance, which, together with their fruit, will do much towards subsisting them; and it is only at certain seasons of the year that they may be considered in a destitute situation. And since the settlement made by the whites they have less game, save wild fowl, much of which they are denied since the general hostilities in Oregon, in consequence of the difficulties of procuring ammunition. Their habits are much changed since the settlement by the whites; and should the government withhold its aid, the Indians would become a heavy tax upon our citizens. There has been no provision made for the erection of mills, shops, or anything done for education; therefore, I have no report under those heads, but would recommend that a school be established, and a mill and shop erected. I am satisfied the policy would be wise; for should their lands be required for settlement, the improvements could be disposed of to advantage to the government, and, if necessary, provisions be made for the Indians elsewhere. These Indians would prefer remaining in their own country, and subsidize themselves, as far as they can, from the natural facilities, which afford them much food, together with what labor they may do for the settlement, to leaving and being supported by the government. The most of them have had limited aid,



from *Seven Years Residence in the Great Deserts of North America, 1860 vol. 2* by Emmanuel Domenech

THE INDIANS, GENERALLY
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LABOR FOR THE WHITES.
... WHILE THEY ARE KEPT
CONSTANTLY EMPLOYED,
THERE WILL BE BUT
LITTLE MISCHIEF.

from Charles Wilkes' *Narrative of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, 1845, vol. 4*





THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

Jamie Boyd

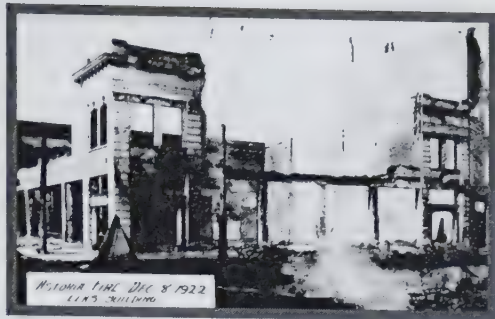
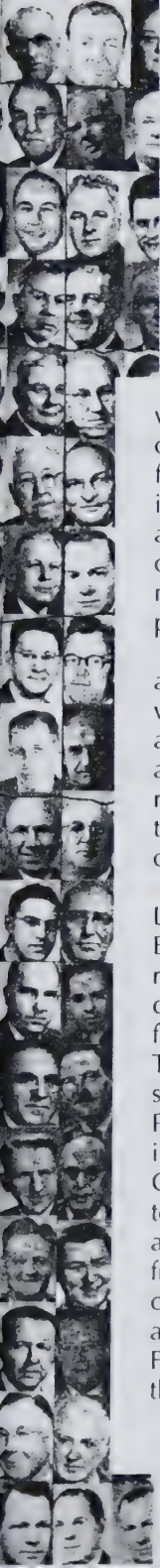
In 1867, a group of New York City comics, singers, actors, professional and non-professional, all congenial spirits, decided to do something about their Sunday activities.

On Sunday in New York you could not get a drink or a good meal anywhere. These jolly fellows began to stockpile supplies for their Sunday get-together and formed a club named the Jolly Corks. The name originated from a drinking game. Then in the year 1868, one of the original members died, leaving his widow and children destitute. The members decided to help the widow out and as a club would assist her in days to come. Now when the club came together it was as a "benevolent and protective society". The Elks name was chosen because the elk was described as "fleet of foot, timorous of doing wrong, and yet ever ready to do combat in defense of self and females".

Eventually, lodges formed in all major cities, and a grand lodge was established to insure continuity and leadership for all.

On Dec 22nd, 1890 Astoria's twenty-six members became the Quinlin Lodge, the 180th Elks Lodge, with John Fox as the first exalted ruler.

Through the years Elk members of B.P.O.E. #180 have been city businessmen and leaders, acting as ambassadors to the City of Astoria, and hosting receptions in their grand ballroom for visiting dignitaries. The elegant ballroom, still located on 11th and Exchange, has been a place for lodge meetings, funerals and wedding receptions, masquerade balls and fundraising events. True to their origins of social comradeship, the Elks have brought to Astoria outside entertainment including vaudeville acts, singers, and jazz bands. In the 1940's a four lane bowling alley and archery range

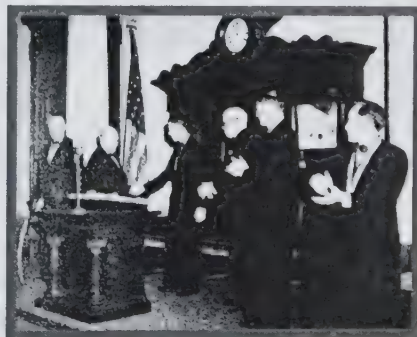
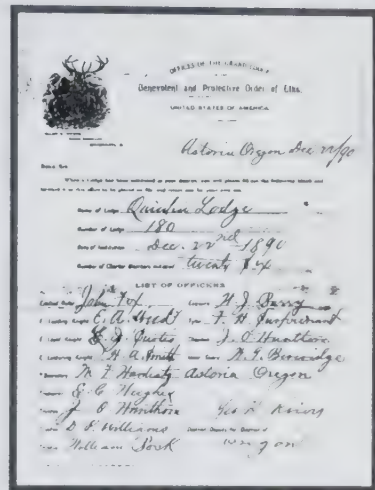


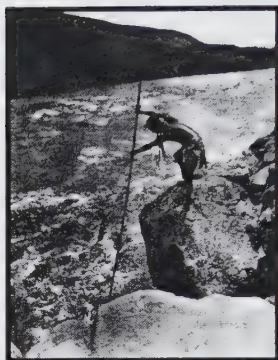
were added in the basement. The members also organize traditional fun outdoor events such as fishing derbies and barbeques. The lodge offers its members a cocktail lounge for relaxation and social interaction and every night at 11 o'clock a bell will chime, followed by a moment of silence for the Elk members who have passed on.

In the 1922 fire, the lodge was destroyed along with Astoria's downtown district. Astoria was in a true crisis, but the Elk members managed to band as an organization to find food and shelter for those in need. The lodge was rebuilt in 1923 and as an architecturally mastered building of its time, it remains on the list of Astoria Historical Landmarks.

It has been now 121 years since the Elks Lodge became a part Astoria's history. The B.P.O.E. #180 is still a strong presence in Astoria, continues to add new members, and to this day acts as a charitable organization, raising funds and volunteering for Astoria Regatta, The Boy Scouts, Astoria High School scholarship fund, US veterans and the Casey Clinic in Portland. All that is required of those interested in becoming an Elk member, is to believe in God and country, and a willingness to volunteer to further their charitable goals. The Benevolent and Protective Order Of Elks is just one of many fraternal orders in Astoria's history; others include the Freemasons, the Finnish Brotherhood at Suomi Hall, the Chinese American Tongs, the Fraternal Order of The Eagle, the Loyal Order of the Moose and the American Legion.

Photos supplied by Astoria Elks





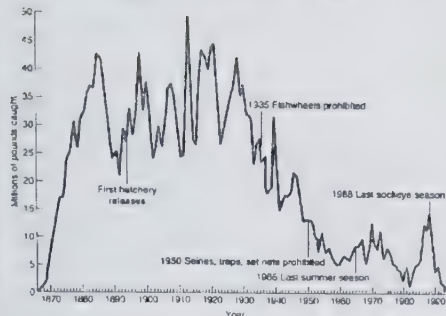
COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON

Jamie Boyd & Nancy Cook

Centuries before 1792, when Captain Robert Gray sailed his ship into the mouth of the river he named Columbia, local indigenous tribes used the river's harvest for their food source. The Clatsop, Chinook, Nez Perce, and Yakima are just a few of the Indian Nations who fished the Columbia's bounties of salmon, steelhead, and sturgeon throughout their oral history. When Lewis and Clark came to the Columbia River, they remarked that the river was so full of fish they could walk across the river on their backs. The natives along the way smoked these fish, marinated in a salt brine, to preserve the important protein for their winter stores; however, the members of the Corps did not like the flavor much and largely ignored salmon and other fish as a food source.

Then, in 1811, John Jacob Astor sent the Pacific Fur Trading Company to lay claim to the mouth of the Columbia and establish a US settlement, which was named Astoria. The small settlement grew as a trade center for furs at first, but in 1829, the fur market had slowed down, and the merchant ships turned to lumber as cargo, adding fifty-eight barrels of salt salmon preserves to their Boston shipments. By 1860, 15,000 barrels of salt salmon had been shipped to Boston, Hawaii and European markets. Then in 1866, the Hume brothers and Andrew Hapgood of Sacramento, California brought the French invention of canning to Astoria. Canning is a process of sealing food in an airtight container and heating it to a temperature of 230 degrees for one hour. An innovative and highly effective means of long-term packaging and preservation, canning was an invention of Napoleon's scientists who had been charged to find a way to feed Napoleon's soldiers when they were on the march. The canning process allowed the long distance transportation of fish to become so inexpensive that it sparked a huge demand for the Columbia River salmon.

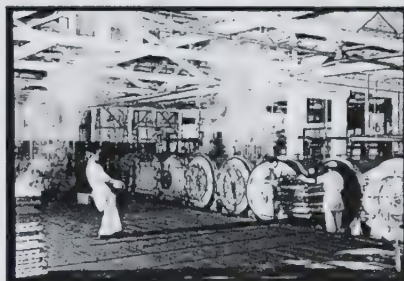
Soon canneries sprung up on both sides of the river. In 1881, there were thirty-five canneries along the river. Two years later, there were fifty-five canneries, and in 1883 the canneries packed a total of 630,000 cases of Chinook salmon. The demand, as much as 17,000 cans per day in 1883, was so great that Chinese cannery workers could not make metal cans fast enough. The influx of wealth surrounding this new industry was amazing. Cannery owners became extraordinarily wealthy over night, and commercial fishermen could afford to build the homes we see along the hills of Astoria today. In fact, Astoria became the center of commerce for the canneries and fishermen in the United States. Chinook salmon was the prize salmon in the fisherman's catch. All other types of salmon (Coho and Chum) were dumped back into the river—400-500 hundred pounds wasted a day. This practice created many problems along the river, and legislation was passed in 1888 by the US Fishing Commission, re-



stricting the amount of fish that were caught and laid to waste every year.

The Native Americans used fish seines as a way to catch many schooling species. The seining procedure swept nets during ebb tide from up-stream to down, with the net anchored at the beach upstream. A boat then carried the net out and around salmon migrating upstream. In 1895, R.D. Hume refined the technique by using horses to haul the seines. At the time, 84-100 seines were in use on the Columbia. the late 1890's with concerns that the fishing runs were thinning, seven of the canneries banded together to form the Columbia Rivers Packers Association. Contributing to the demise of the salmon runs, the 1930's brought the beginning of the dam building era. Fourteen dams were built on the Columbia, with over thirty along the Columbia's tributaries. Though some of the dams had fish ladders, most blocked the salmon from their spawning habitats making it more difficult for the salmon to reproduce before dying. Over-fishing and the destruction of natural habitat have left salmon populations at just one percent of the population of those recorded in the 1800's, putting Columbia River salmon on the endangered species list. Commercial salmon fishing on the lower Columbia is limited to a small fleet with restricted seasons for the sport and commercial fishermen.

photos courtesy of Clatsop County Heritage Museum and Library of Congress American Memory.



ASTORIA HISTORY: IS YOUR FAMILY PART OF IT?

Donya McClenahan



The Reverend Charles and Margaret Rarick

When I was growing up in Portland, back in the days of cheap gas, we pack a lunch and the family would go for a ride for fun. On one of those rides we visited Astoria with my father's Aunt, who had lived here as a child. As we drove up and down the steep streets, Aunt Dorothy reminisced about her childhood, pointing out the house she had lived in. She said her father had been a minister.

As the years passed, I filed that information in the back of my head, tucked away but not forgotten. Forty years later, I found myself attending college in Astoria, where the banked fire of memory began to flicker as I recalled Aunt Dorothy's story.

I remembered my father, too, had told stories of his Methodist Minister Grandfather on occasion. So when one of my classes was held at the United Methodist Church on Eleventh and Franklin, the flickering memories began to flare. Could this be his church? Would they remember him? My questions were answered when I found a framed history on the wall of the community room. Yes! In it, I read that Reverend C.C. Rarick, my Great Grandfather, had begun guid-

ing this flock in 1906, way back when the Methodists were still congregating in a building situated on the waterfront docks (they joked that the boys could fish through the cracks in the floor at high tide). It was under Great Grandpa Rarick's leadership that they had started looking for a drier home (no more pilings, thank you). It was only a couple of typed lines on a wall-- but I was elated. All of a sudden, I was a part of a history I hadn't known existed--and I wanted to know more!

I went on the internet, searched through old family photos, and eagerly read old newspaper clippings saved by my Grandmother. I now feel like I know these historic Astorians who were my own ancestors.

Are you aware of the part your ancestors played in history? If not, let Astoria's Bicentennial be the catalyst that sets your curiosity ablaze. Whether you are from here, or from some other far-flung dot on the map, reconnecting with your history can be a grand personal adventure that sparks a sense of family and community pride that wasn't there before.



The Raricks. Top left, Grace, William, Alice. Bottom left, Dorothy, unknown, Maragaret, Charles, unknown.

WESTERN RED CEDAR

Roxanne Penderson



Western red cedar (*Thuja plicata*) has been around as long as Astori—and a whole lot longer. In fact, there are probably many trees which have been here longer than this town. Known for its thin reddish-brown, stringy bark and straight grain wood with its unique natural resistance to decay, cedar has been an important material of yesterday and today. The Native Americans in this region used cedar for making canoes, baskets, hats and other utensils. And, today this aromatic wood is used for fencing, decking, chests, benches and many other items. Next time you are exploring, stop and look for a cedar knowing it or its ancestors played an important role in our local history.





ASTORIA THEN AND NOW

Josh Conklin



Knowledge of the past is a key
to understanding the present
Kenneth Stampp

To look back upon history
is inevitably to distort it
Norman Pearson



THE END of a century...
of a magazine...

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

JARED ACUÑA is a strikingly handsome CCC student who wrote a one-hit-wonder seeking female attention while taking a poetry class at CCC.

ROBIN ADAIR a veteran of twenty-six cross-country bus adventures (four in the family V.W. bus and twenty-two on the Greyhound), hitchhiked across country once in three and a half days, and flew on 9/11 (well, as far as Chicago). She has been writing for close to forty years and playing with color all of her life. A teacher of Writing Workshops since 1985, she has a MS in Family Studies and is a professional part-time pencil can maker.

FLEWBILL ADAMSON is a retired computer programmer who is trying to learn how to write. He has an unpublished novel about returning from the Vietnam War. He now enjoys living on the Washington coast.

WREN ANDRE has been writing for most of her life, beginning with her own "Wren the Detective" stories when she was twelve. Over the years she has written many songs as a solo performer, and in various L.A. based rock bands. She has written as the history editor for the *Temecula Valley Sun News*, *Oregon Historian*, and is currently working on blogging, reading voraciously, and other random literary pursuits.

ADAM BERK recently moved to Astoria from Los Angeles where he had spent nearly a decade as a struggling actor. Tiring of the endless auditions for bad movies and beer commercials, he enrolled in the Masters of Professional Writing program at the University of Southern California. There he composed several poems, some short stories, and a novel called *Coven of the Crystal Frog*, about shape-shifting dragons and witches in present-day San Diego, which he is currently trying to sell.

JAN BONO, a Long Beach author, has published over a dozen stories in the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* books this year alone. She's also completed several plays and numerous short stories, many of which have won regional contests. Jan's writing can be found at <http://www.JanBonoBooks.com>.

LAURA ANNE BROOKS is the founder and facilitator of The Astoria Poetry Workshop. As a writer, her work has appeared in *Hipfish Monthly*, *Oregon Coast*, *The San Francisco Chronicle*, *BUST Magazine*, the *Salinas Californian* and *The Monterey Poetry Review*.

TRICIA GATES BROWN is a writer and poet who found a home on the north coast in 2004. She holds a PhD in theology, works part time as curator of the Cannon Beach History Center and Museum, and resides in a woodland cottage by Foley Creek.

DAVID CAMPICHE is an innkeeper in Seaview, WA who also makes fine poems and fine pots. His ceramics were recently featured at the *Form and Function, Neo-Traditional Art: Reclaiming Intimacy in a Global Community* exhibit at Cannon Beach Arts Gallery.

JOHN CIMINELLO has appeared in various publications including *The Sun*, *Mentor*, and *RAIN*. His interests (depending on the day and the season) include: playing piano, cats, neurotransmitters, Persian poets, Deadalus (the creator of the labyrinth of Minos, artificial wings, and the bee hive), fortune cookies, goats, and autism.

CLAIRE NICOLE CONKLIN is an Oregon native who earned her Bachelor of Arts in English and Religious Studies from Linfield College. She claims a magnificent obsession with the poet William Stafford and finely roasted coffee.

JOSH CONKLIN is a Libra born September 30, 1989. He is a pastor's son and wears the name proudly. One of four children, Josh enjoys studying life and all its important lessons. He also takes pride in meeting new people and living his life to the fullest extent.

ROCHELLE COULOMBE is a retired teacher and parent educator living on the Oregon Coast. She spends her time writing and enjoying the natural beauty of her surroundings.

WENDY CRIM loves her family and likes to eat her vegetables. She has not received a college education but frequents the library. Wendy is from the mid west and is giving it a go here in Astoria.

DAVE DENSMORE has been fishing for over fifty years after growing up in Kodiak and Alaska's Aleutian Islands. Trolling, crabbing, seining, trawling, he has fished in every single which way. Dave

has also kept his pen moving for nearly twenty-five years, has published two books, a CD and performs his poems at the annuals Astoria Fisher Poets Gathering as well as numerous other venues nationwide. In the winters, he can often be found at Astoria's East Mooring Basin.

BRIAN DOYLE has recent work in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Orion* and in the *Best American Essays* anthologies of 1998, 1999, 2003 and 2005. In addition to editing *Portland Magazine*, the publication of the University of Portland in Oregon, he has written nine books of essays, nonfiction and poems. His novel *Mink River* was published by Oregon State University Press in 2010.

MICAH DUGAN is a graduate of CCC and is currently finishing his junior year at Portland State University majoring in Communication Studies. Dugan is a former *RAIN Magazine* contributor and staff member who is an aspiring poet, journalist, and screenwriter.

THADDEUS ZANE EDMAN is a full time student at Clatsop Community College. He has been drawing since a very early age.

DALE ESPELUND was born in Santa Monica, CA. He is currently a student at Clatsop Community College, studying AutoCad and computer design.

DALE FLOWERS is a retired high school teacher who was born in St. Louis, Missouri before the arrival of the interstate highway. By time he could drive, Interstate Five ran from St. Louis, parallel to the Mississippi River, and down to Cape Girardeau. He quickly learned the difference between an exit and entrance ramps, unlike punctuation which has remained a code which he still trying to break.

THERESE LANGEVIN FRECH is a photographer, songwriter, poet, teacher, and hedgewitch. She is a builder of virtual streams, ponds, waterfalls, gardens and fountains, and a collector of \$100 guitars. Born in Boston, she attended school in the Midwest, lived in Minneapolis for twenty-five years, and now lives in Astoria. She uses open source software to make her pictures.

CALANDRA FREDERICK graduated from Oregon State University with a B.A. in English. During college she discovered her love for writing and photography. Her photographs have been published in *Prism Magazine*, and in 2009, her photography was exhibited in the OSU Art Show presented by the Asian Pacific Cultural Center. She has also written a screenplay and young adult novel, both of which have query letters floating around.

WILL GEORGE lives in Astoria and enjoys the waters of the Pacific-Columbia Region. He holds a MFA in creative writing through Goddard College. In 2006, he received an Oregon Literary Fellowship from Literary Arts, and in 2007, he was a finalist for the Santa Fe Writers Project for his memoir about water. Last year Will was selected for *Get Mortified* to read his high school journals to a live audience.

PATTY HARDIN lives in Long Beach, Washington. She enjoys riding her Harley and collecting anything shark-related. In addition, she is seeking an agent's representation for her picture books.

CLAUDIA HARPER is a former Astoria resident who currently lives with her daughter and grandchildren in Scottsdale, Arizona.

KIMBERLY HAZEL is known as the "detention lady" at Astoria Middle School, where she is in charge of those dear children sent to Valhalla Hall. Her favorite pastimes outside of school include ecstatic dance, searching for treasures at the Warrenton thrift store or combing the Westport beaches for the perfect poppy jasper agate.

CHARLES HILLESTAD is a 65-year-old attorney specializing in real estate and business law. He has been photographing since the 1950s. His Facebook page seeks to simultaneously encourage an interest in the North Coast specifically and good photography generally. The emphasis is on photos where the focus is beauty, nature, humor, history and/or the human condition.

GRACE HOUSE has lived in Astoria since 2005, with her family, four dogs and two cats. She is twelve years old and enjoys reading and writing, as well as her friends, nature and acting at the local theatre company.

THOM LESTER is a long time resident of the Astoria area who has works at Warrenton Costco. He began using the computer as a canvas in 1989 while working with a crew on a research grant here on the coast. By 1996, he was designing websites for commercial users and had opened his own

domain: accrete.com. Besides digital landscapes, he enjoys creating celtic knotwork with Photoshop and ink & paper.

BARBARA MARTIN has lived in the Pacific Northwest since 1976 and has studied art at the School of Visual Arts in NYC, Mt. Hood Community College in Portland, OR, Lower Columbia College in Longview, WA, and Clatsop Community College in Astoria, OR. She was born in Illinois in 1944 and raised three children in Portland as a single parent after antiwar protesting in San Francisco in the 60's. She resides in Long Beach, WA

PAMELA MATTSOON MCDONALD presently works for a maritime company on a tugboat in the Pacific Ocean. For twenty years before that, she was a successful visual artist who relied on acute observation, creativity and a fierce focus. For the last five she has honed these skills for the written line. She writes regularly, and has a schedule. Her work is a window on the merchant marines and has been featured in the *Daily Astorian* and *The Sun Magazine*

DONYA MCCLENAHAN, an Oregon native, is the mother of three teenagers and is currently attending college at Clatsop Community. She draws, writes, and gardens in Seaside, and adores the color purple, and good coffee.

DANIEL MILLARD lives in Hood River, OR with his life partner. He loves to write about the beauty of nature and wildlife. He writes because it is healing and because it is a way to get to know himself more deeply. He also writes in the hopes of helping people.

PATTRA BURNETTO MONROE lives on the Oregon North Coast. She began writing a long time ago and enjoys the company of her muses.

DAVID LEE MYERS went to the University of California at Berkeley expecting to become a scientist and left with an abiding love and commitment to the fine arts photography. In 1970, he participated in the great, romantic "back to the land" movement, flinging himself first into a very rural Columbia Pacific valley, and then settling in the big city of Astoria.

ANNE NIXON became a writer as a child, hiding her notebook in a small attic. Last year she completed her Caulfield, Heckes, and Kemmer family history after ten years. With that finished, she began her first book of fiction about a con-artist preacher, Eddie, and his ditsy wife, Tilly. She is having more fun than she ever imagined! She and her husband Don live on the Long Beach Peninsula.

MADISON O'BRYANT is fourteen years old and is an avid reader and writer. Poetry has always been a favorite hobby of hers.

KENNETTE KANGISER OSBORN has lived on the Long Beach Peninsula for the past fifteen years. Before "retiring" with her husband five years ago, she was a middle school teacher. She loves the peninsula and never leaves home without her camera! These days she spends time writing, traveling, taking pictures, and playing with her grandkids.

ROBERT STEPHEN M. PEARCE is the survivor of three decades as a carpenter and now lives and works as an innkeeper in Seaview, Washington. As a young man he participated in the creative writing program at the University of Washington. His poetics descend from the teachings of poet and scholar, Richard Blessing.

DAISY PIKOP is a mother, student, writer and amateur photographer.

JAN PRIDDY has earned an Oregon Literary Arts Fellowship, Arts & Letters fellowship, Soapstone residency, Pushcart nomination, and has recent or forthcoming publication in *CALYX*, *Work Magazine*, *Raven Chronicles*, *Ink Filled Page*, and *North American Review*. An MFA graduate from Pacific University, she lives and teaches on the North Oregon Coast.

ROBERT MICHAEL PYLE, a frequent contributor to *RAIN*, is a denizen of the temperate rainforest across the Columbia in Wahkiakum County. His fifteen books include *Wintergreen*, *The Thunder Tree*, *Where Bigfoot Walks*, *Sky Time in Gray's River*, *Mariposa Road*, and *The Butterflies of Cascadia*. Next, he hopes to publish a book of poems and a novel, currently in its tenth draft. This summer, Pyle will read at the National Library of Australia in Sydney and teach in Tasmania.

REBA OWEN is a Northwest poet and artist who graduated from OSU

AULDEN SCHLIEF (alias John Kulm's) mentors and role models have included a con-artist Pentecostal minister, a one-fingered juggler, and an alcoholic stand-up comic who died in obscurity. He

has presented his poetry to audiences in New York, Los Angeles, and many points between.

TERRY SHUMAKER is retired. Faced with a choice whether to write long, rambling letters to newspaper editors about imagined social problems, or to write long, rambling fiction about imagined social problems, he chose the latter. Never give a retired person a pen."

KAREN SEXTON moved to Astoria three years ago and loves the unsurpassed beauty and creative spirit of this area. She retired from the Getty Center in Los Angeles where she was the Housing Coordinator for Visiting Scholars and worked on the Poetry In Motion project which placed poems on buses. She owned an artist coop, The Drawing Room, in Santa Monica for about ten years.

CAROL SMITH is a sawmill worker, ex-cannery employee, and trade-act recipient attending Clatsop Community College, expressing from the inside.

DANIELLE STEVENS is a 2009 Astoria High School Graduate. She is an experimental artist and enjoys putting together art shows. Her passion is art. Ahe also loves to be around friends and family.

MINDY STOKES describes herself as a lesbian, feminist mother. She teaches Women's Studies at Clatsop Community College. Her goal is to politicize and radicalize anyone with whom she comes in contact. Mindy is author of the memoir, *Momma, Baby, Mama: A Fabulous Journey of Fear, Frustration, and Joy*. She lives in the Pacific Northwest with her partner and their precocious daughter.

LAURA TATTOO has lived in Astoria, Oregon since 2001, and pens her poems between translating French chanson and watching offbeat movies. She has had fibromyalgia and chronic fatigue syndrome since 1996, and is usually at home in the eternal gloaming.

DONALD THOMPSON is an adjunct instructor of composition at Lane Community College. He was born in Anchorage, Alaska and has lived in a number of places in the United States and Scotland. When not teaching he scribbles on scraps of paper and enjoys the rain. Two of his poems were published in the 2008 edition of *RAIN*.

JON SCHMIDT has spent the last eight winters on the South Washington Coast. He hopes that the next time he is reading this biography is when he is holding a hard copy of 2011's *RAIN Magazine*. That'll mean it is spring, and he made it.

ROYAL NEBEKER is an internationally celebrated oil painter and printmaker represented by the Lisa Harris Gallery in Seattle and Augen Gallery in Portland. For fun, he teaches printmaking at CCC.

KRISTIN SHAUCK is a figurative painter who teaches drawing, design, and painting at Clatsop Community College. She is founding director of *Au Naturelle: The Nude in the 21st Century International Juried Exhibition*. Her colleagues often comment on her uncanny resemblance to Frida Kahlo.

TIM LIDDIARD, who is married to the lovely Kristin Shauck, has been actively making art for ten years. Born and raised in Mexico, rumor has it, he's currently pursuing a career in Clatsop County politics. He also occasionally pounds a hammer.

DARREN ORANGE is an Astoria based painter with an exhibition history throughout the Northwest including Seattle, Portland, Yakima, Bellingham, Astoria, and Cannon Beach. He is represented in L.A. and Atlanta with the Bill Lowe Gallery and Darren has work in collections across the country, Canada, England, and the U.A.E. Learn more at www.darrenorange.com.

WALT GARNETT is a retired technical writer who volunteers on the Astoria Riverfront Trolley.

MICK ALDERMAN has written, directed and acted in dozens of stage plays and is currently finishing his third feature film, *Crimps*, which was shot in Astoria. His memoir, *Three Weeks with the Goonies* was published by 2001 Productions in 2010.

RHONDA GRUDENIC is a longtime North Coast resident whose oil paintings are represented by Riversea Gallery in Astoria. Her work has found its way into many private collections around the country and worldwide. She is currently working on a book about her paint rag installations.

MICHAEL PAUL McCUSKER is a former newspaper publisher who resides in Astoria where he offers thoughtful weekly commentary on the community radio station KMUN.

KAREN NORMAN, MIRANDA RINKS, ANYA ARNON, JOHN EDWARDS are students at Clatsop Community College. And if we missed a note here, we hope it's because the writers/artists didn't send one in. If not, please forgive us, and remember, this is a labor of love. Mahalo.

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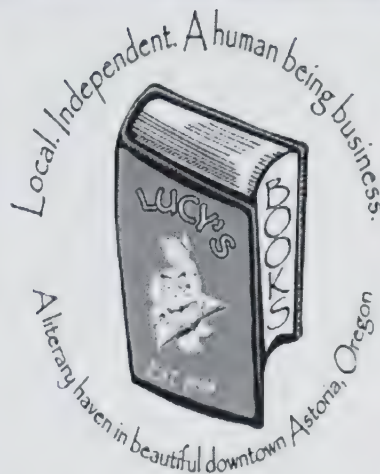
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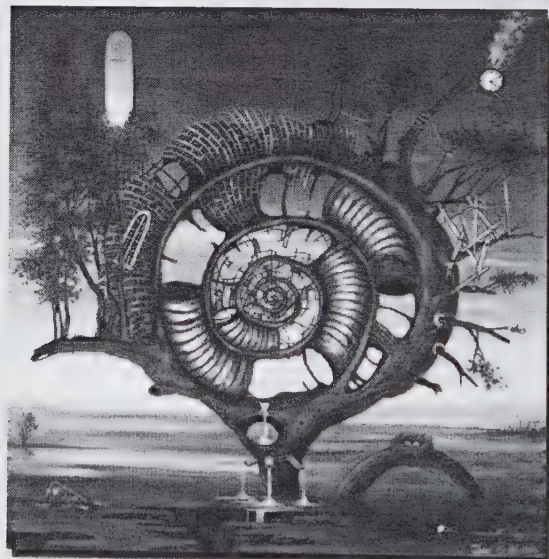
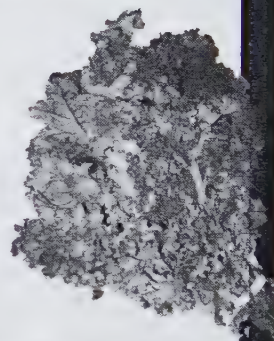
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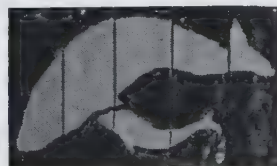


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